



SUPERMAN



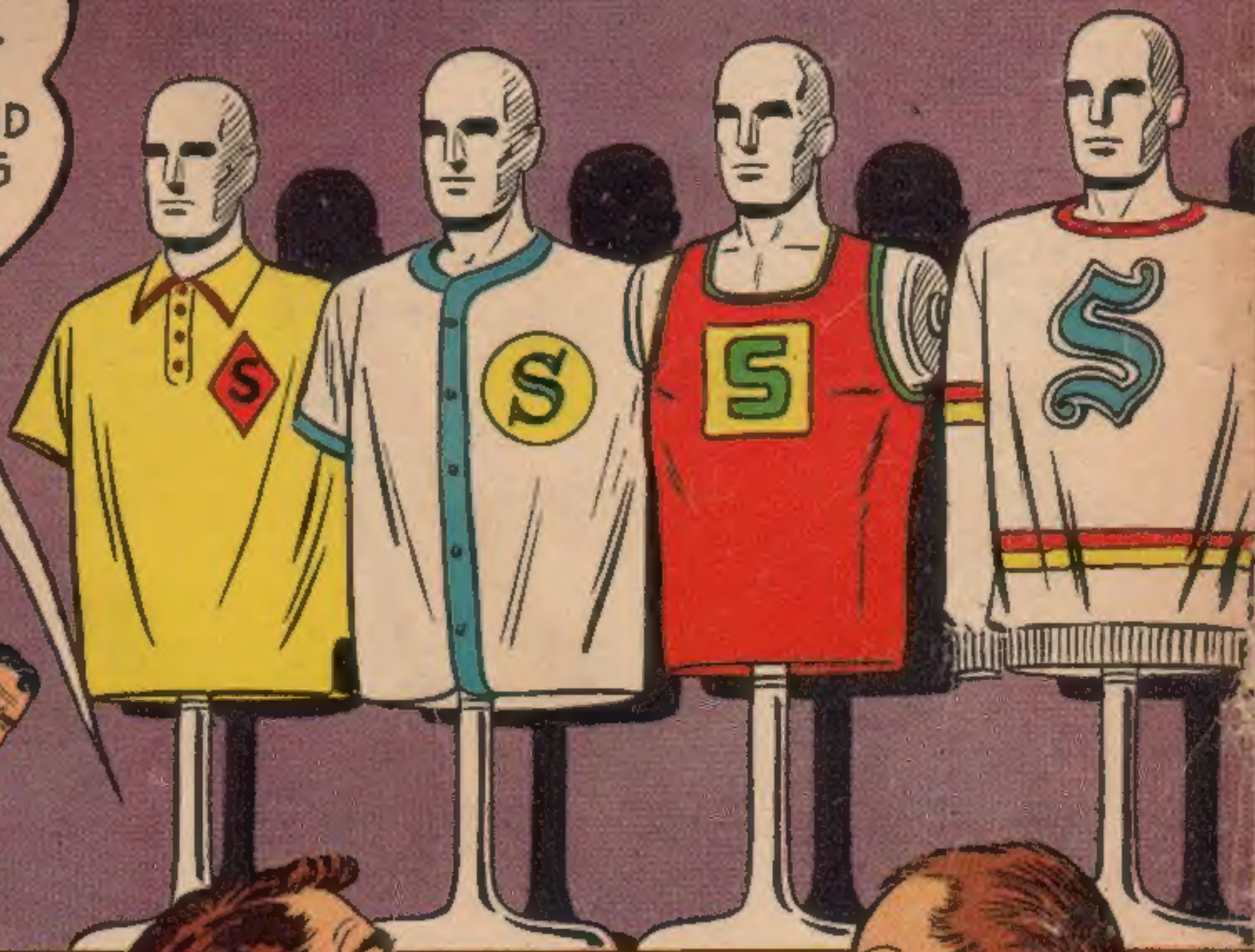
OCT.
NO. 197
10c

ACTION COMICS

Featuring
"The
STOLEN
'S'-SHIRTS"



MY COLLECTION OF
'S'-UNIFORMS WILL
BE COMPLETE AS
SOON AS I CAN FIND
A WAY OF GETTING
SUPERMAN'S
SHIRT!



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SUPERMAN

S STANDS FOR SUPERMAN-- BUT IT ALSO STANDS FOR SINISTER! AND SINISTER INDEED IS THE SERIES OF SEEMINGLY SENSELESS CRIMES THAT STRIKE METROPOLIS! FOR JUST AS ATHLETES WIN THEIR LETTERS, SO NOW LETTER-MEN OF LARCENY STEAL THEIR LETTERS! AND IT'S UP TO THE MAN OF STEEL TO SEARCH OUT THE SUBTLE SECRET SCHEME BEHIND...

The STOLEN 'S' SHIRTS

I'VE WON MY LETTER---
SUPERMAN'S SHIRT!



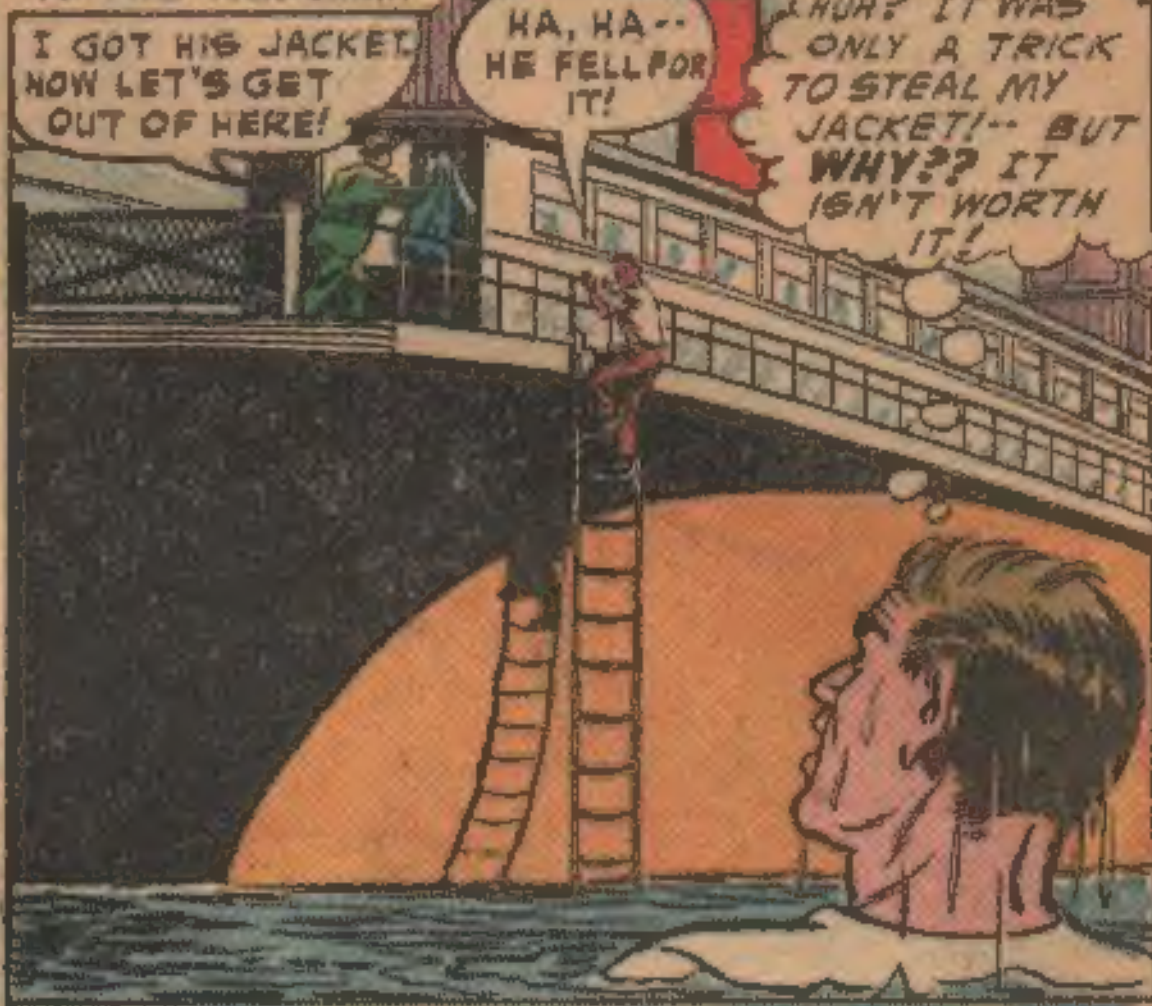
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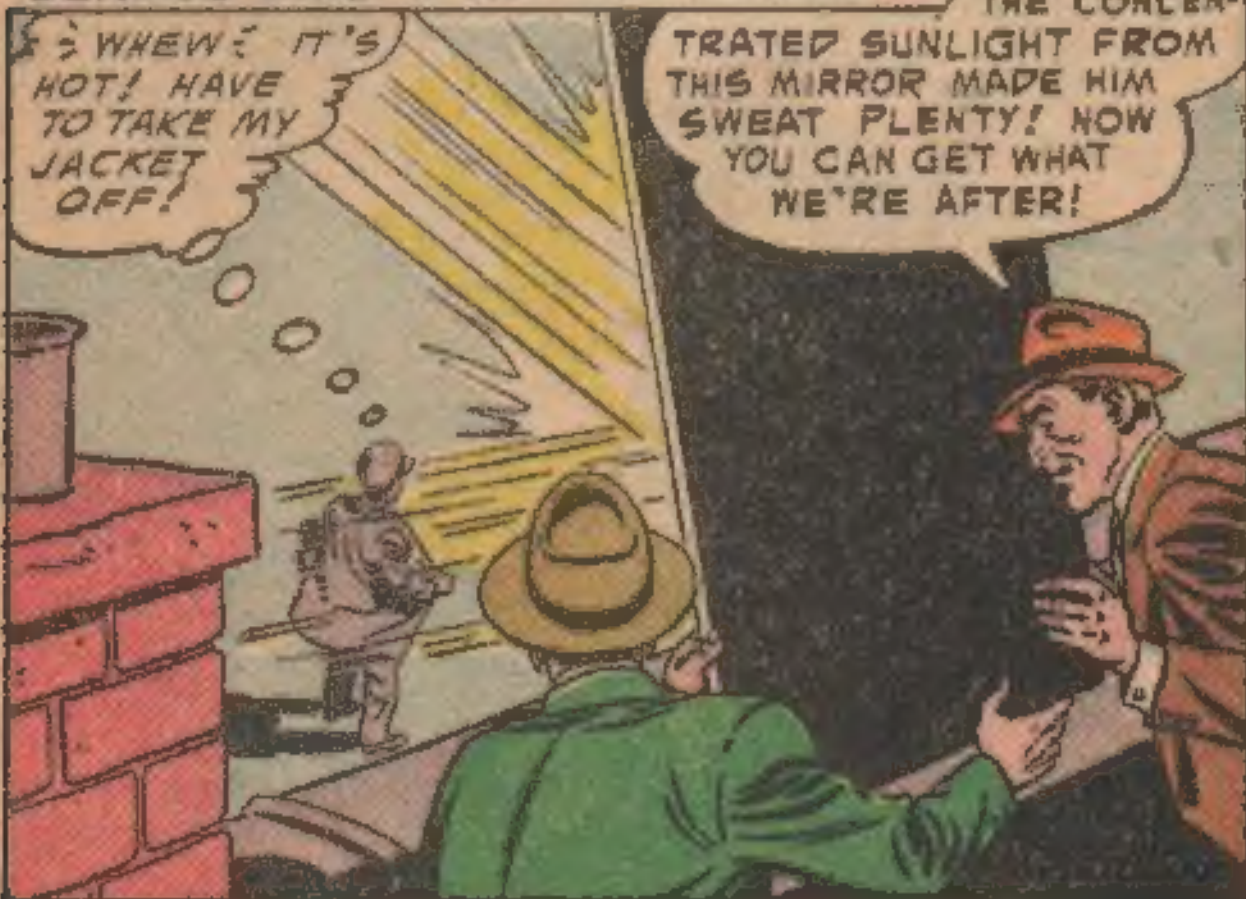
ONE MORNING, AS THE FERRYBOAT SUSQUEHANNA DOCKS IN METROPOLIS HARBOR...



BUT AS THE FERRY FIREMAN DIVES BRAVELY TO THE RESCUE...



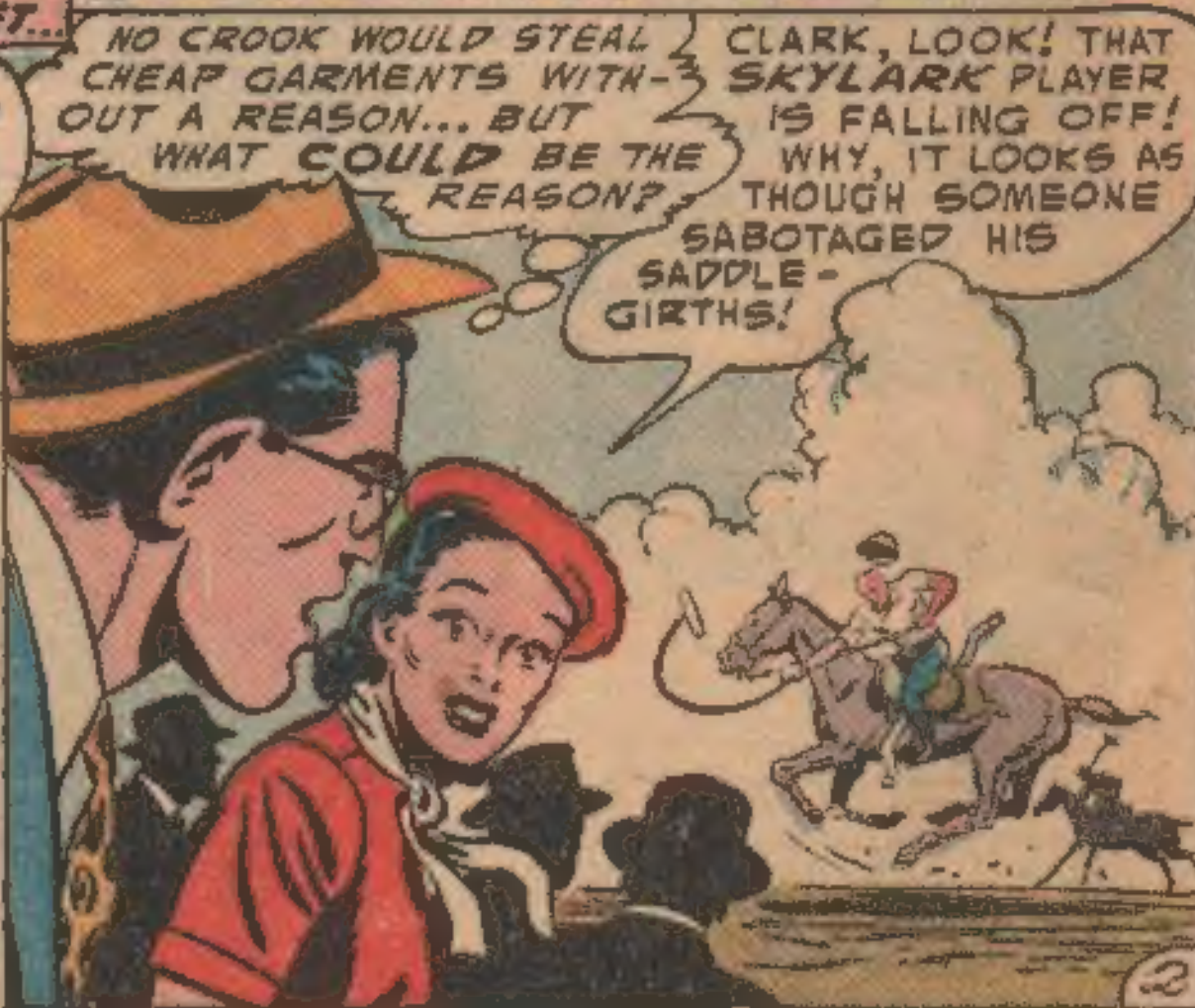
AND THIS IS ONLY THE BEGINNING--FOR THE FOLLOWING DAY, AS A MESSENGER OF SPEEDY DELIVERY SERVICE RUNS A ROUTINE ERRAND...



AND WHEN NEWS OF THIS SECOND CRIME REACHES THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY PLANET...



SOON AFTER, AT THE CITY POLO FIELD...





THERE MAY BE A STORY IN THIS-- I'M GOING TO FIND OUT!

N-NOT ME! THAT HORSE IS TOO PANICKY... H-HE MAY HURT SOMEONE!

BESIDES, I'VE GOT TO CHANGE TO SUPERMAN!

ONCE ALONE, "TIMID" REPORTER CLARK KENT PARTS UNDER THE GRANDSTAND, WHERE A QUICK CHANGE FROM HIS EVERYDAY GARMENTS CONVERTS HIM INTO...



...SUPERMAN--THE MAN OF STEEL!

NEXT INSTANT, A RED-AND-BLUE THUNDERBOLT STREAKS TO THE RESCUE...



THEY'RE STEALING THE STUNNED PLAYER'S SHIRT! BUT I CAN'T GO AFTER THEM NOW... I HAVE TO CORRAL THAT RUNAWAY PONY WITH THESE SECTIONS OF FENCE!



THAT DOES IT... BUT THOSE THIEVES HAVE AGAIN STOLEN A GARMENT WITH THE LETTER S ON IT! AND THAT LIST IN THEIR POCKET... IT'S INCREDIBLE!

"INCREDIBLE" IS INDEED THE ONLY WORD TO DESCRIBE WHAT SUPERMAN SEES WITH HIS X-RAY AND TELESCOPIC VISION...

S-GARMENTS TO BE STOLEN FROM:

SMITH'S SHIRT
SULTAN'S ROBE
SUPERMAN'S SHIRT

STEAL SUPERMAN'S SHIRT? IT SEEMS IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANY THIEF TO DO THAT...YET...IS IT?





ACTION COMICS



AND STRANGELY ENOUGH, EVEN THE THIEVES THEMSELVES DON'T KNOW THE ANSWER TO THIS FANTASTIC MYSTERY...



WELL, WE GOT ANOTHER S-SHIRT FOR THIS GUY STANLEY STARK. BUT WHY ON EARTH IS HE PAYING US TO STEAL THEM IN THE FIRST PLACE?

SEARCH ME... BUT FIVE GRAND FOR EACH JACKET OR SHIRT WITH AN S ON IT IS GOOD PAY!

SHORTLY, IN THE LIVING ROOM OF STANLEY STARK, WEALTHY BRAIN BEHIND THE ASTOUNDING ROBBERIES...



EXCELLENT! HERE'S YOUR \$5,000! AND REMEMBER-- FOR SUPERMAN'S SHIRT, YOU GET TEN TIMES THAT AMOUNT!

SO GRAND IS BIG MONEY... BUT, OF COURSE, SUPERMAN IS A BIG RISK!

AND IN A LOFT UPSTAIRS...



NOT A BAD ADDITION TO MY S-GALLERY, EH, BOYS?

I DON'T GET IT! MAYBE HE WANTS THEM BECAUSE HIS NAME'S BEGIN WITH S!

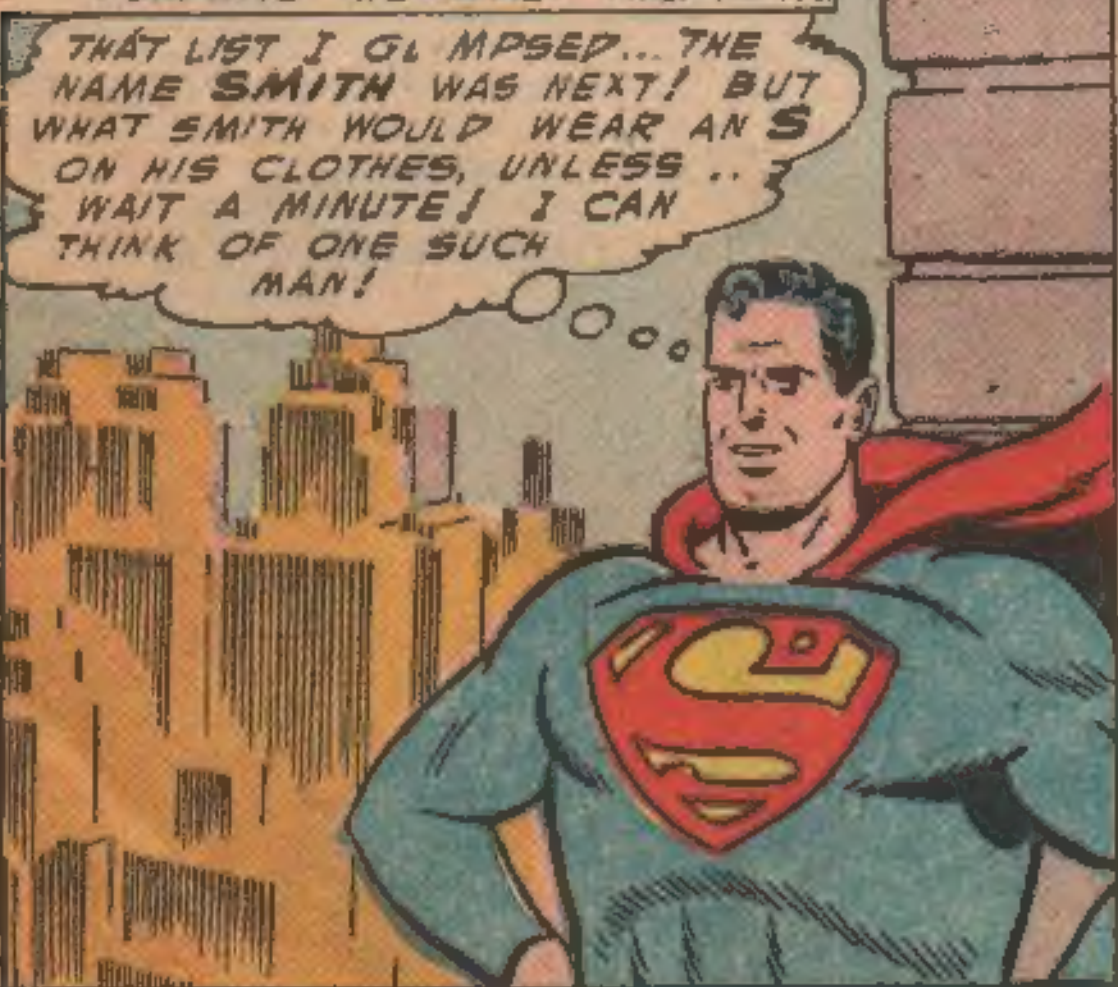
OR MAYBE HE COULDN'T BE A LETTER-MAN AT COLLEGE, AND THAT'S GIVEN HIM A COMPLEX!



OH WELL-- WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE, AS LONG AS HE PAYS WELL FOR THEM?

HA, HA-- THEY THINK I'M JUST AN ECCENTRIC COLLECTOR... BUT THEY, AND ALL THE WORLD, WILL SOON FIND OUT WHY I'M COLLECTING S'S!

MEANWHILE, AS A PUZZLED SUPERMAN PONDER'S THE CRAZY THEFTS...



THAT LIST I GLIMPSED... THE NAME SMITH WAS NEXT! BUT WHAT SMITH WOULD WEAR AN S ON HIS CLOTHES, UNLESS... WAIT A MINUTE! I CAN THINK OF ONE SUCH MAN!



"SWIFTY" SMITH, STAR SHORTSTOP OF THE SOUTHVILLE SENTINELS BASEBALL TEAM! THEY'RE PLAYING THE METROPOLIS TEAM TODAY!



ACTION COMICS



MINUTES LATER, IN THE PLAYERS' LOCKER ROOM AT METROPOLIS STADIUM...

YOU MEAN--YOU WANT TO TAKE MY PLACE AND WEAR MY UNIFORM? **SUPERMAN?**

YES, SO I CAN GRAB THOSE MYSTERIOUS S-THIEVES WHEN THEY TRY TO TAKE YOUR UNIFORM!



SOON, A BASEBALL CAP, WELL PULLED DOWN, KEEPS BALL FANS FROM RECOGNIZING THE MIGHTY FIGURE WHO HAS STEPPED INTO THE LINEUP...

NOBODY'S TRIED TO GET THIS COSTUME YET-- BUT THE GAME'S STILL YOUNG!

KEEP THAT CAMERA READY! REMEMBER, IT'S FIVE GRAND MORE FROM STARK IF WE GET HIS SHIRT!



BUT THE MAN OF STEEL, LOOKING AROUND FOR THE S-THIEVES, FORGETS HIMSELF FOR THE MOMENT--AND REALLY BELTS THE HORSEHIDE!

LOOK! THAT BALL IS STILL GOING! SMITH NEVER HIT A BALL THAT HARD! ONLY **SUPERMAN** COULD!

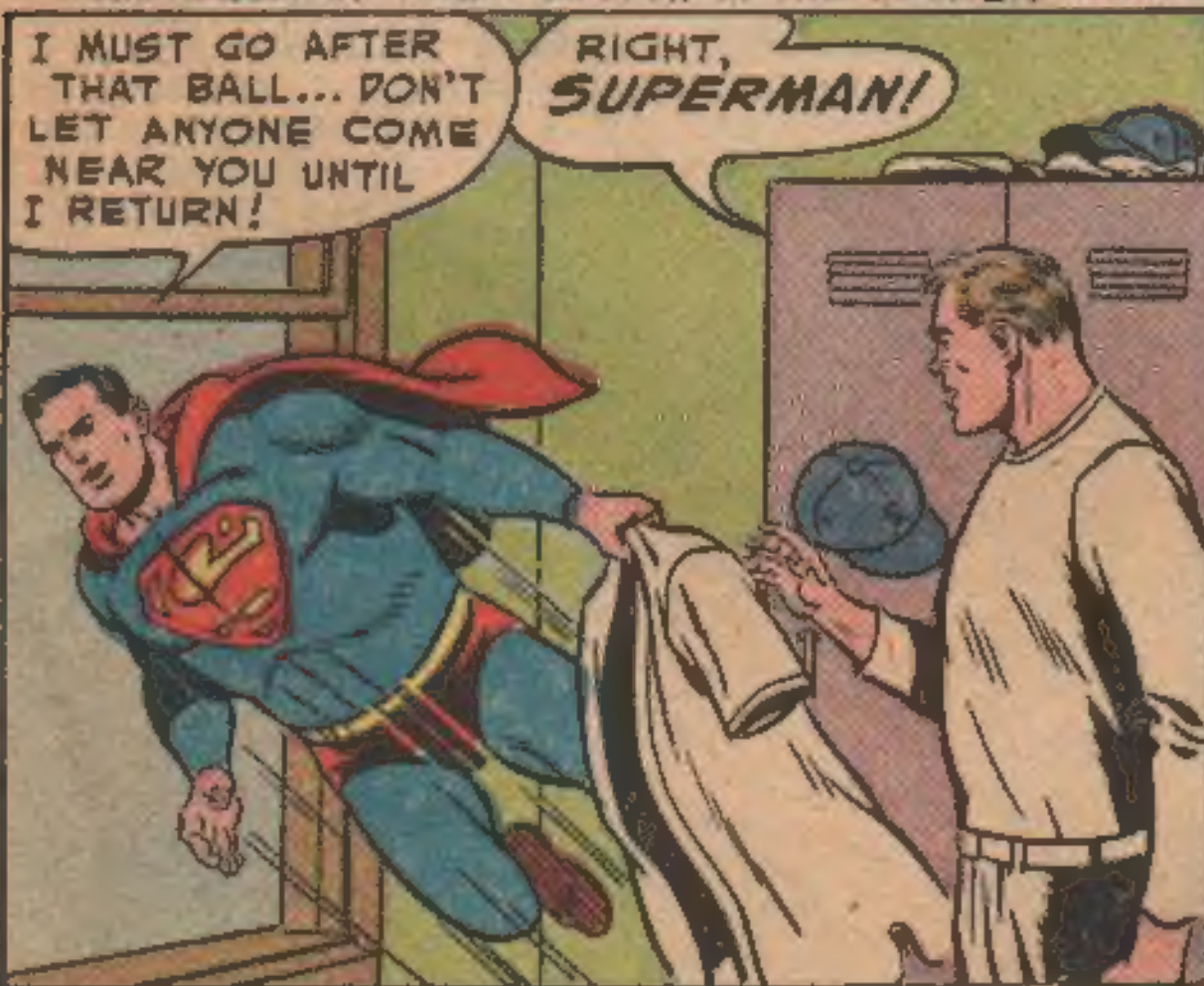
IN ALL FAIRNESS TO THE METROPOLIS TEAMS THIS INNING WILL HAVE TO BE REPLAYED! I'LL EXPLAIN THAT LATER, AFTER I BRING BACK THE RUNAWAY BALL!



AFTER A FAST HOME-RUN, SUPERMAN MAKES AN EQUALLY FAST SWITCH IN THE LOCKER ROOM...

I MUST GO AFTER THAT BALL... DON'T LET ANYONE COME NEAR YOU UNTIL I RETURN!

RIGHT, **SUPERMAN!**



SECONDS LATER, HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY...

MADE IT!... AND JUST IN TIME! IT WAS GOING TO DRIVE DOWN INTO THIS VILLAGE LIKE A BULLET!





ACTION COMICS



BUT BACK AT THE STADIUM, CUNNING CROOKS HAVE ALREADY STRUCK...



SURE, YOU CAN PHOTOGRAPH ME IF YOU... HEY! THAT FLASH BLINDED ME!

QUICK-- PULL OFF HIS SHIRT WHILE HE CAN'T SEE!

AND THOUGH **SUPERMAN** RETURNS IN MOMENTS, IT'S TOO LATE TO PREVENT ANOTHER S-THEFT...



THEY DAZZLED ME AND GRABBED MY SHIRT! BUT-- WHY GO TO ALL THAT TROUBLE JUST TO GET A SHIRT?

I'M BEGINNING TO HAVE AN IDEA WHY! SMITH-- SULTAN-- **SUPERMAN**... YES, IT ADDS UP! OF COURSE THEY CAN'T STEAL MY SHIRT... OR **CAN THEY?** I'D BETTER STOP THEM FAST!

MEANWHILE, IN STANLEY STARK'S HIDEOUT...



FINE, BOYS! BUT REMEMBER, I MUST HAVE **SUPERMAN'S S-SHIRT** TO COMPLETE MY COLLECTION!

DON'T WORRY... YOU'LL GET IT AFTER WE'VE FINISHED WITH THE **SULTAN!**

AND IN METROPOLIS ARENA, SOME TIME LATER...



INTRODUCING THE **SULTAN**-- WHO WILL WRESTLE THE **MASKED MARVEL!**

BUT WAIT! WHO IS THIS "MASKED MARVEL" SCHEDULED TO TAKE ON THE **SULTAN**?



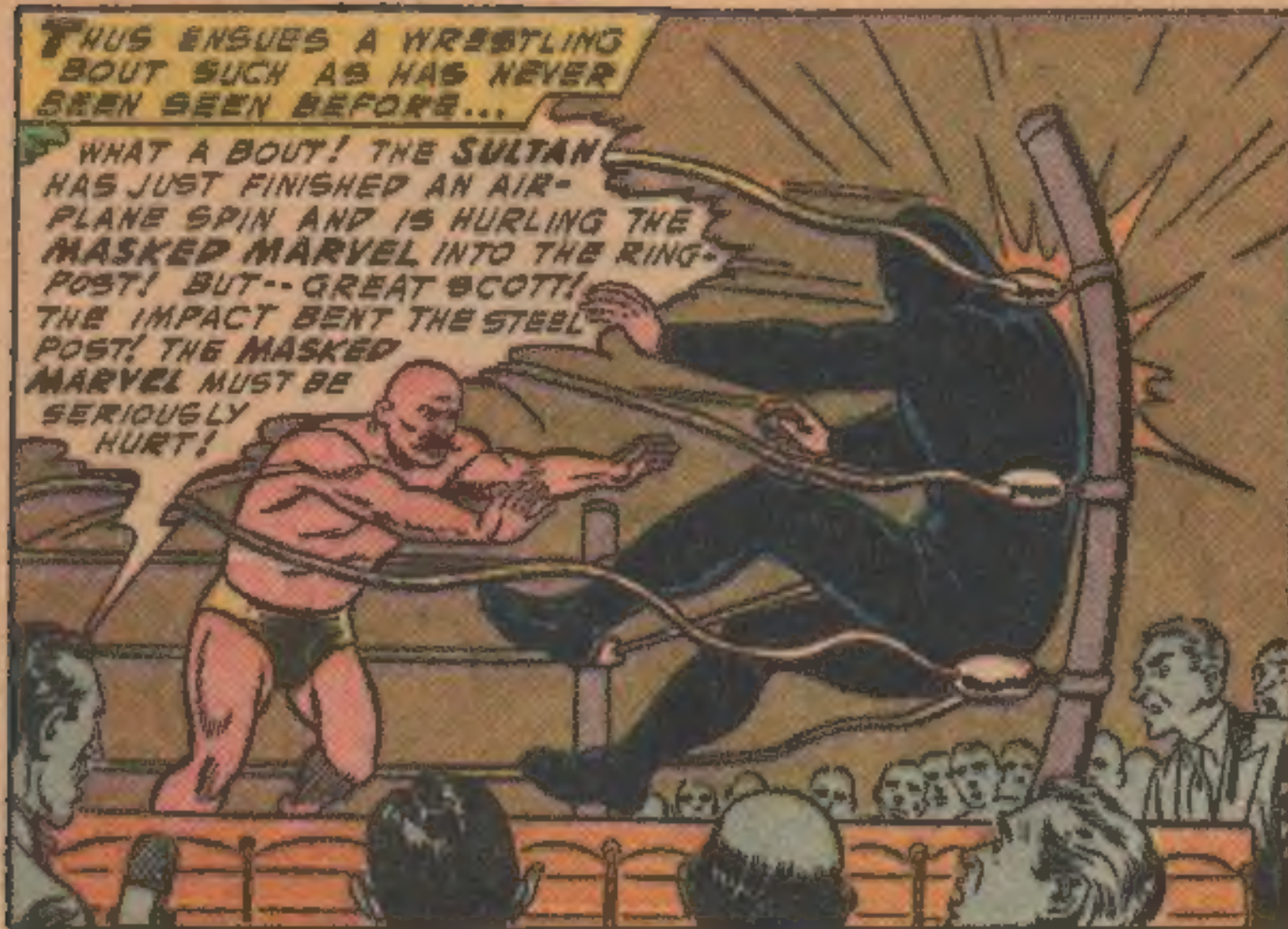
I'M GLAD THE REAL **MASKED MARVEL** COOPERATED WITH ME! IT'LL MAKE IT EASIER TO PROTECT THE **SULTAN** WHEN THOSE HOODS GO AFTER HIS **S-ROBE!**

MINUTES LATER, TWO POWERFUL ADVERSARIES FACE EACH OTHER IN THE RING...



MASKED MARVEL, EH? I'LL TEAR YOUR MASK OFF-- AND YOUR HEAD WITH IT!

I MUSTN'T USE MY STRENGTH-- I MIGHT HURT HIM! ALSO, I'VE GOT TO KEEP AN EYE ON THAT **S-ROBE!**

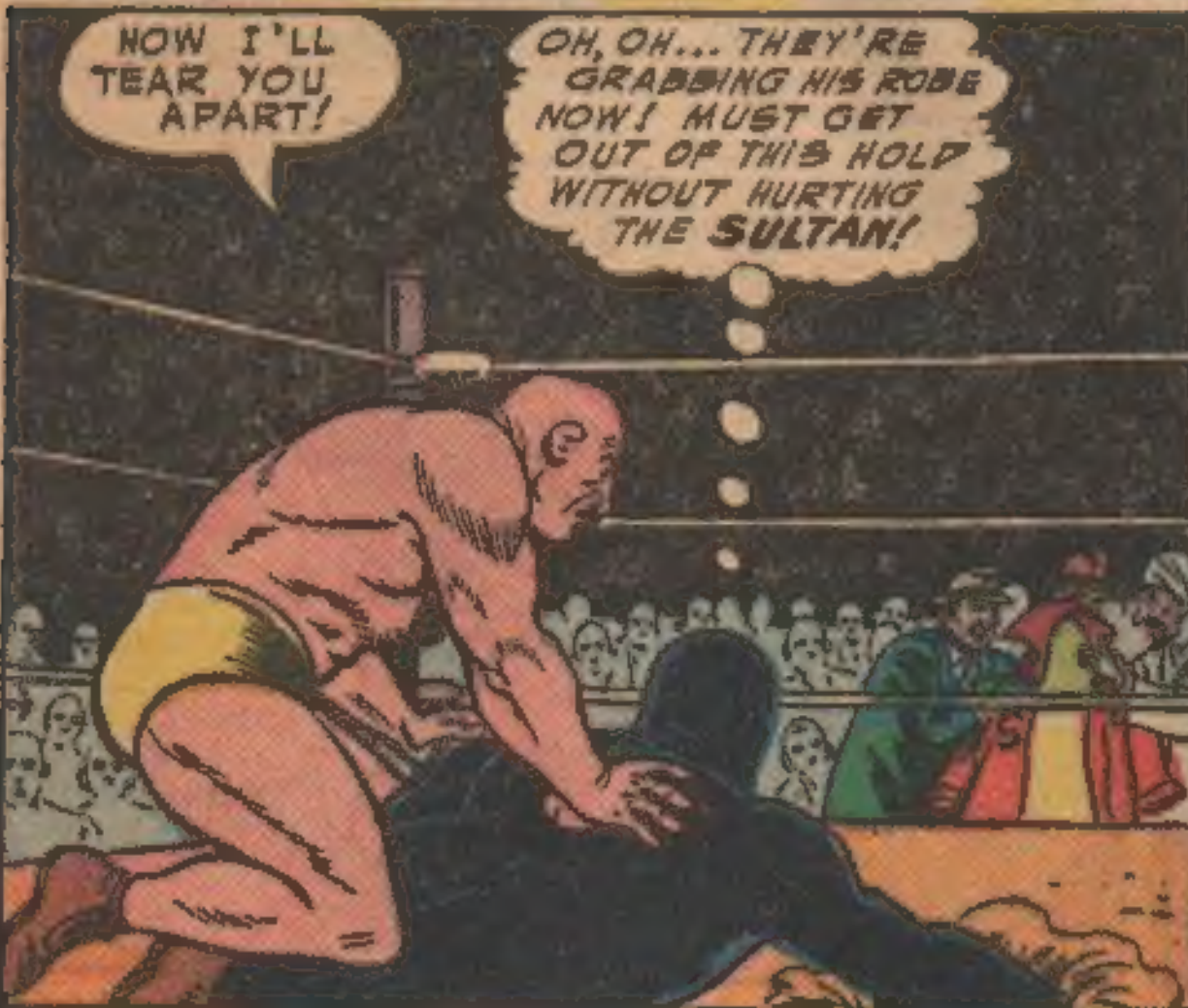


THUS ENSUES A WRESTLING BOUT SUCH AS HAS NEVER BEEN SEEN BEFORE...

WHAT A BOUT! THE SULTAN HAS JUST FINISHED AN AIR-PLANE SPIN AND IS HURLING THE MASKED MARVEL INTO THE RING-POST! BUT--GREAT SCOTT! THE IMPACT BENT THE STEEL POST! THE MASKED MARVEL MUST BE SERIOUSLY HURT!

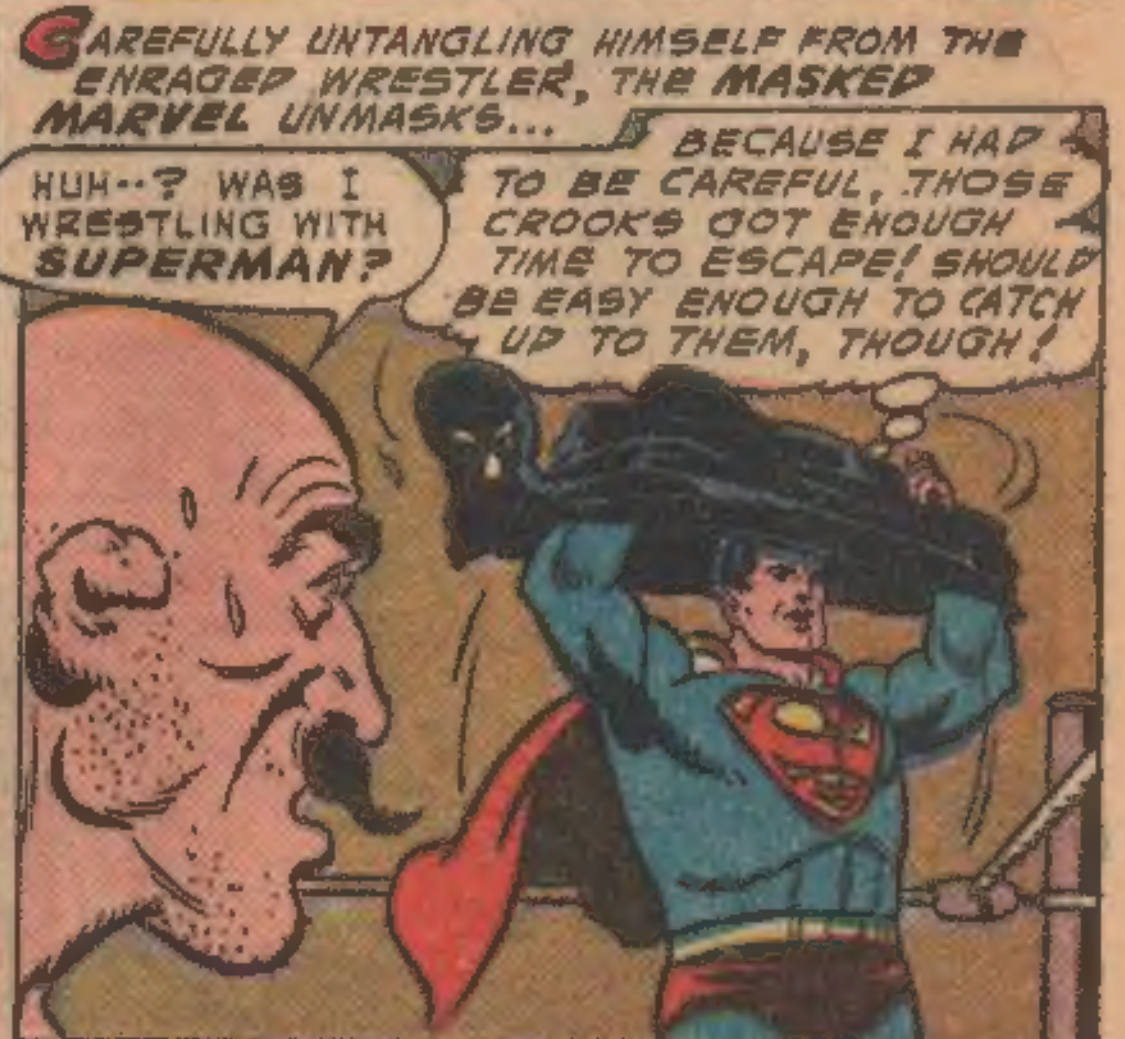


NO, HE'S NOT HURT, HE'S BACK IN THE BOUT! AND AGAIN THE SULTAN THROWS HIM! WHY... IT'S INCREDIBLE! THE MARVEL'S ARM WENT RIGHT THROUGH THE FLOOR!



NOW I'LL TEAR YOU APART!

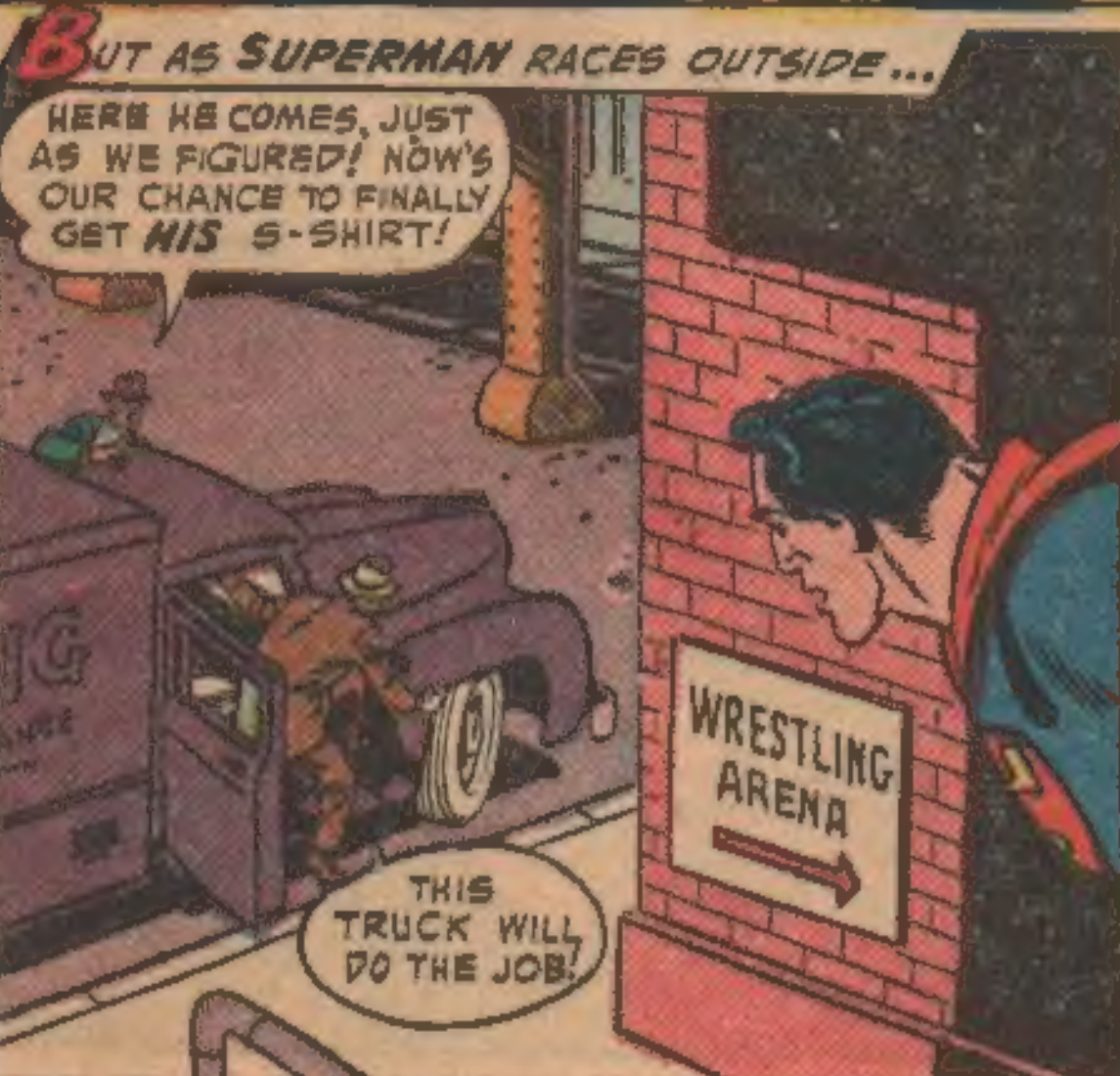
OH, OH... THEY'RE GRABBING HIS ROBE NOW! MUST GET OUT OF THIS HOLD WITHOUT HURTING THE SULTAN!



CAREFULLY UNTANGLING HIMSELF FROM THE ENRAGED WRESTLER, THE MASKED MARVEL UNMASKS...

HUH--? WAS I WRESTLING WITH SUPERMAN?

BECAUSE I HAD TO BE CAREFUL, THOSE CROOKS GOT ENOUGH TIME TO ESCAPE! SHOULD BE EASY ENOUGH TO CATCH UP TO THEM, THOUGH!



BUT AS SUPERMAN RACES OUTSIDE...

HERE HE COMES, JUST AS WE FIGURED! NOW'S OUR CHANCE TO FINALLY GET HIS S-SHIRT!

THIS TRUCK WILL DO THE JOB!

WRESTLING ARENA



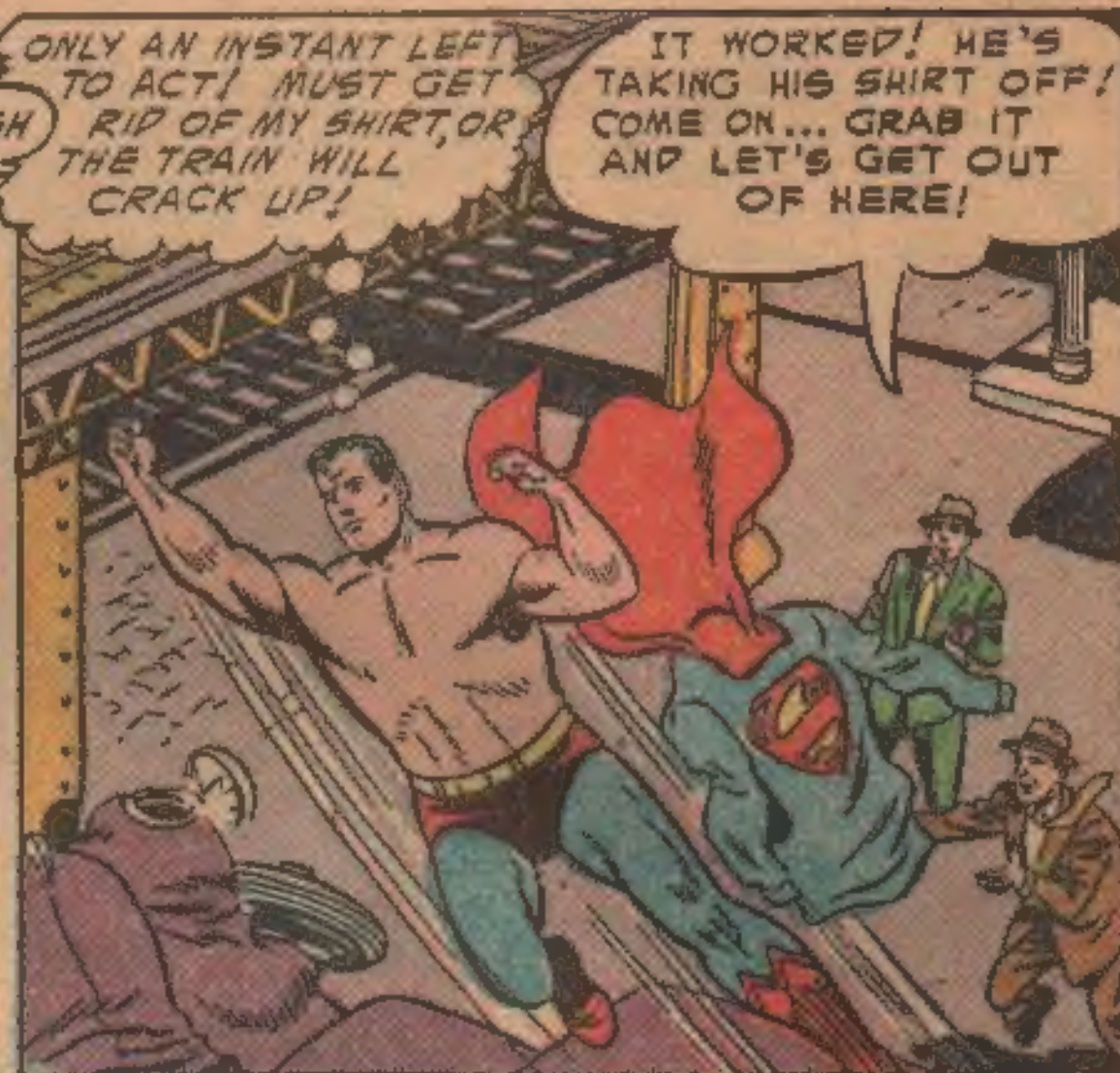
NEXT MOMENT...

THEY KNOCKED OUT A GIRDER AND BROKE THE ELEVATED TRACK-- AND A TRAIN'S COMING! I'LL HAVE TO FIX THAT BEFORE I GRAB THEM!

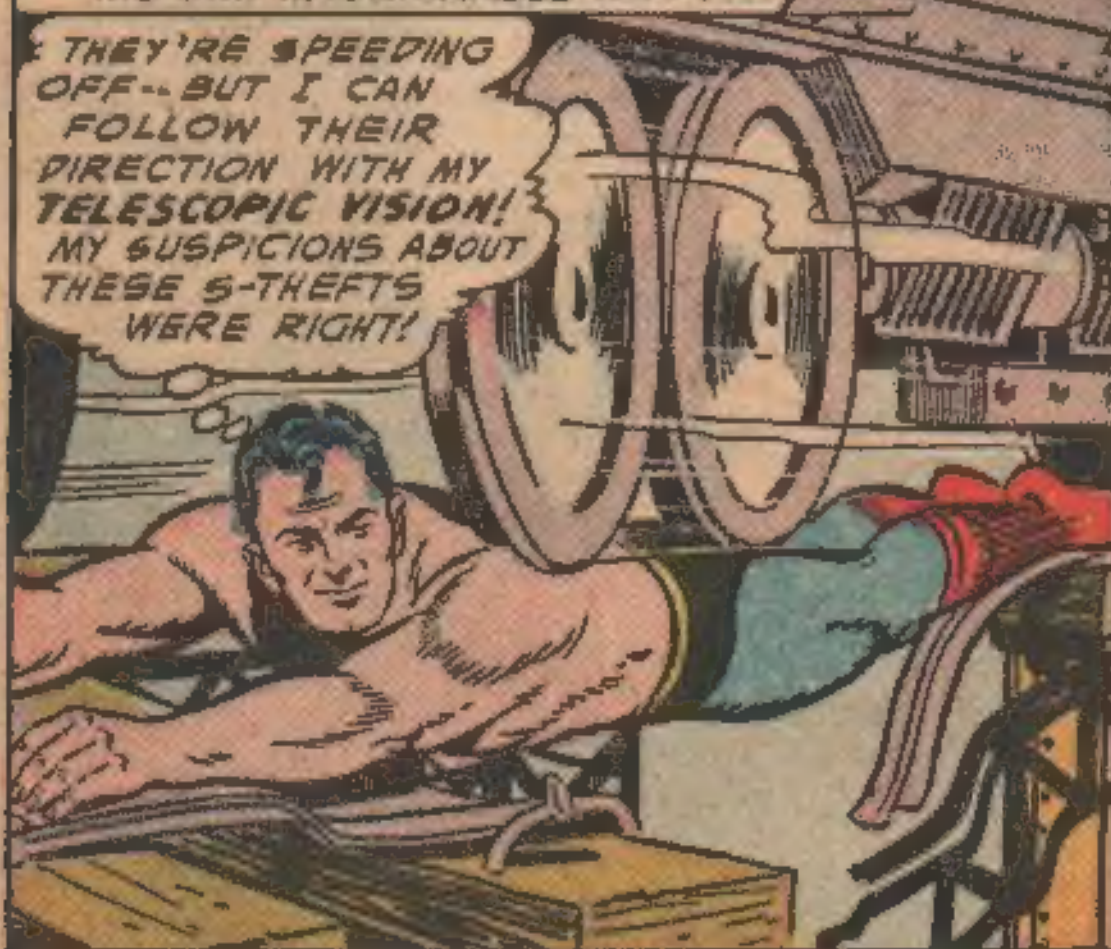
LET HIM HAVE IT WITH YOUR WATER-PISTOL!

CRASH!

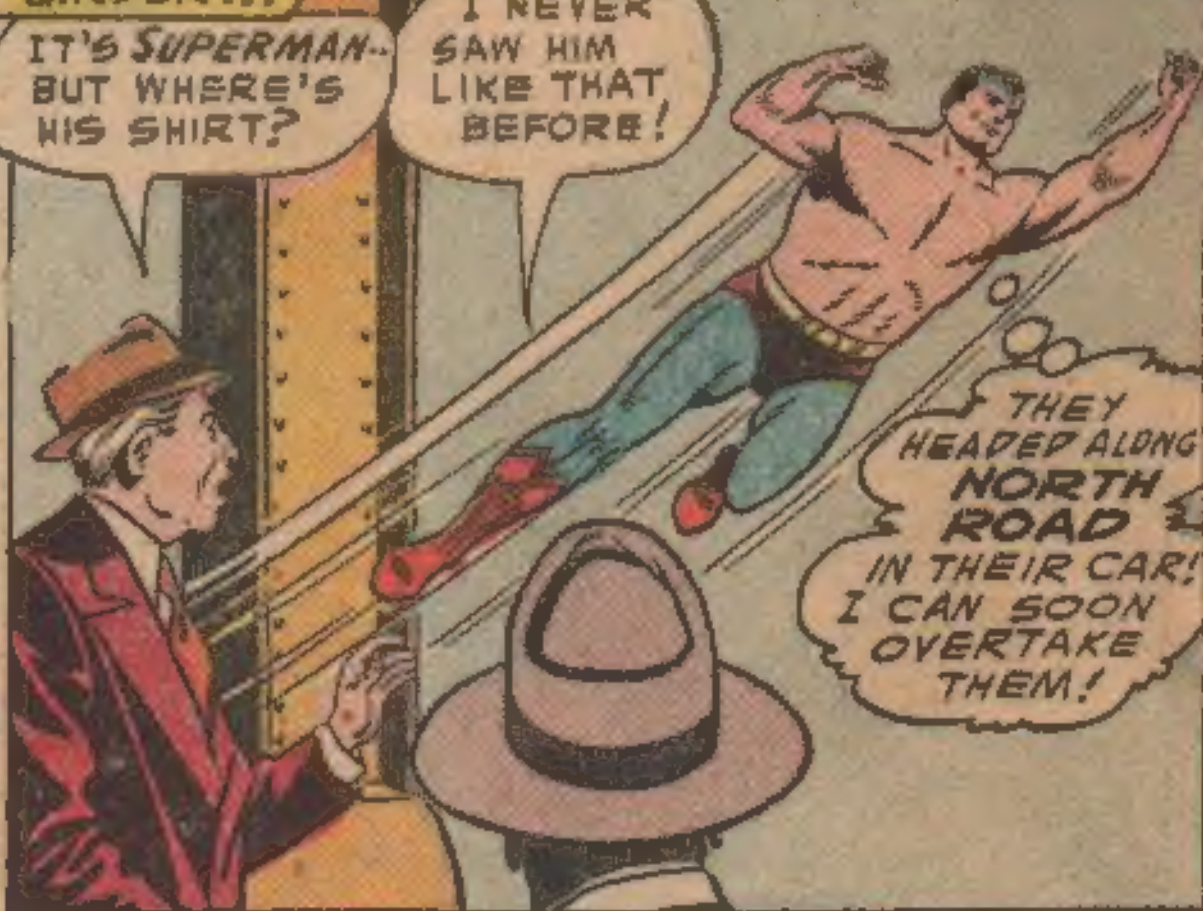
WATER-PISTOL? HOW CAN THAT STOP THE MAN OF STEEL?



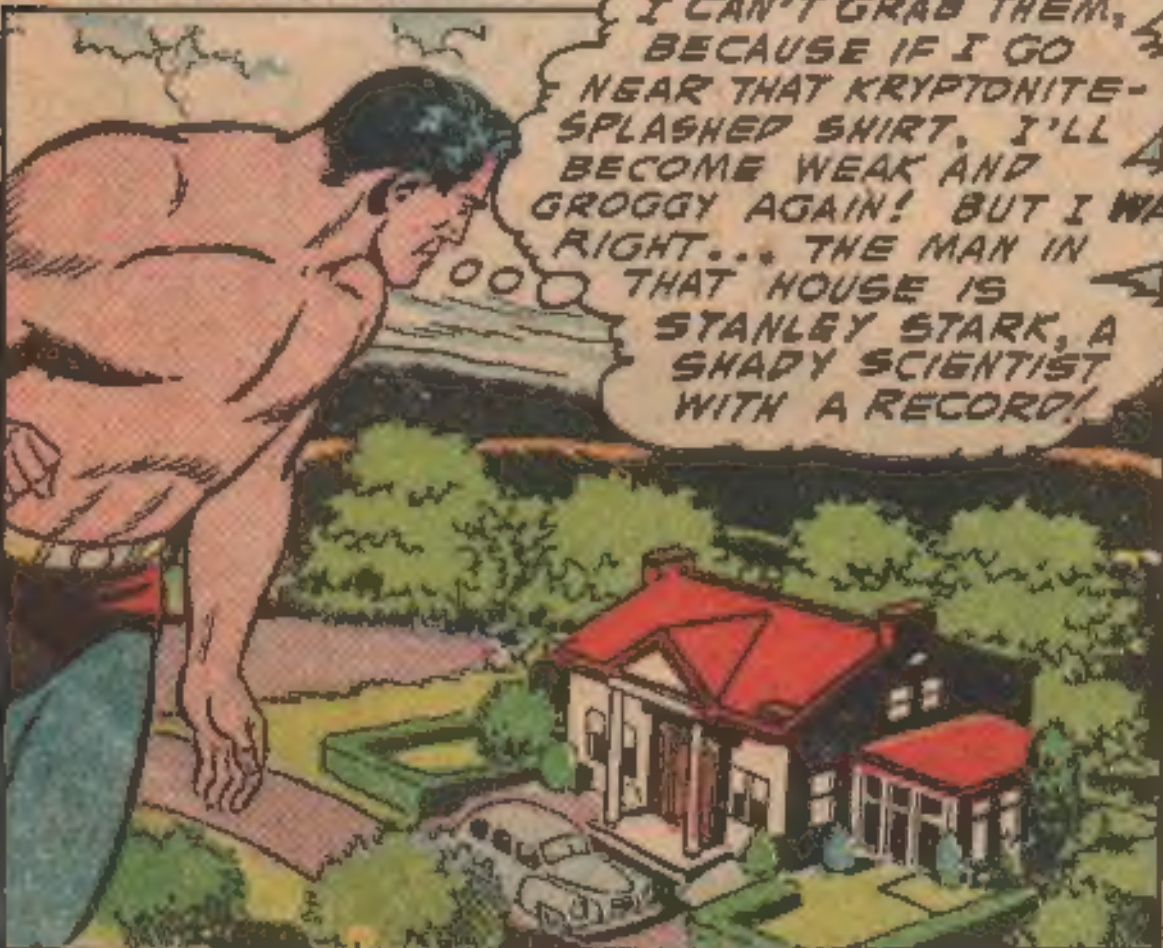
AND AS SUPERMAN REPLACES THE RAIL WITH HIS OWN INVULNERABLE BODY...



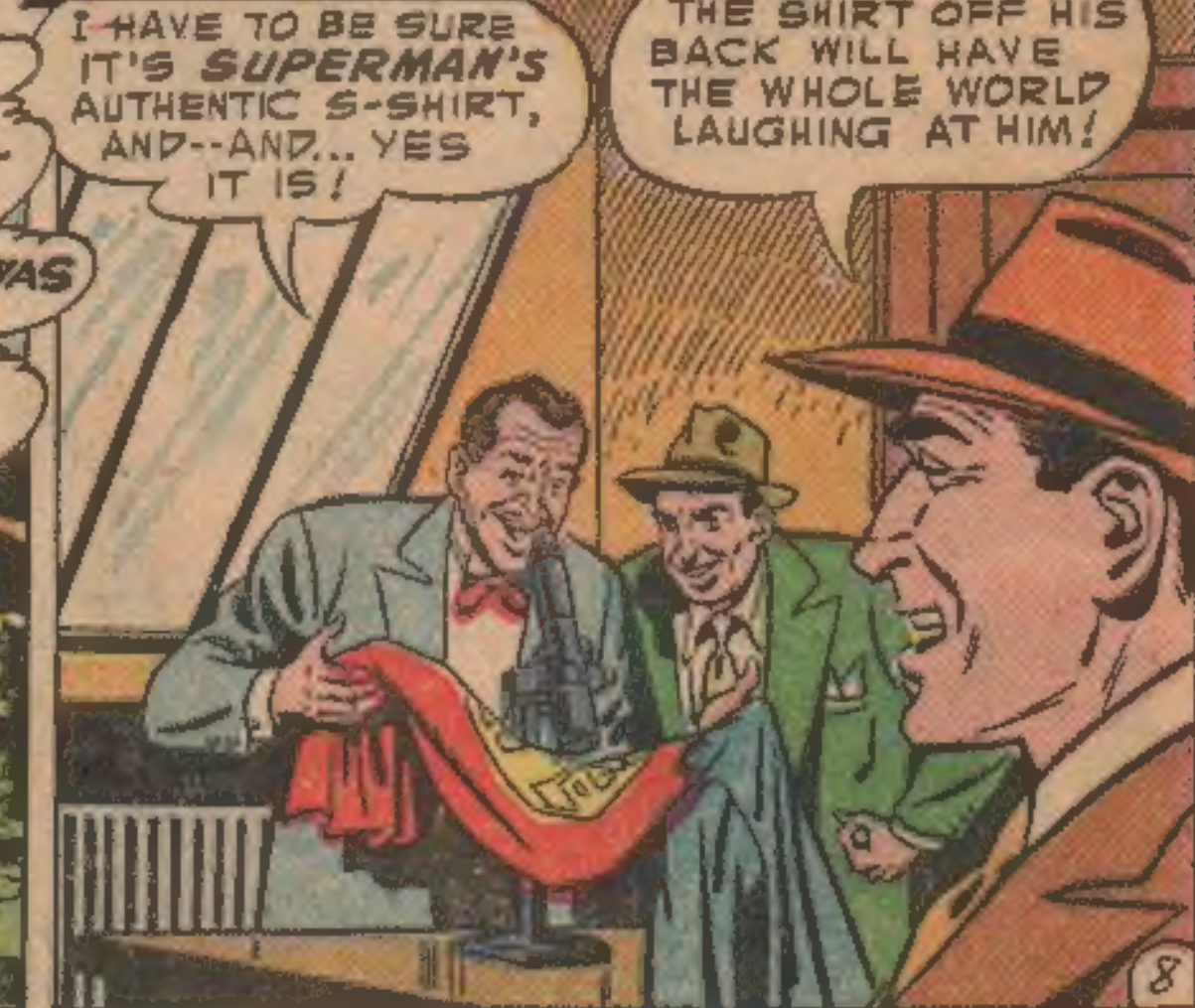
WHEN THE TRAIN HAS PASSED, SHIFT WORK BY MIGHTY HANDS REPAIRS THE WRECKED TRACK AND GIRDER...

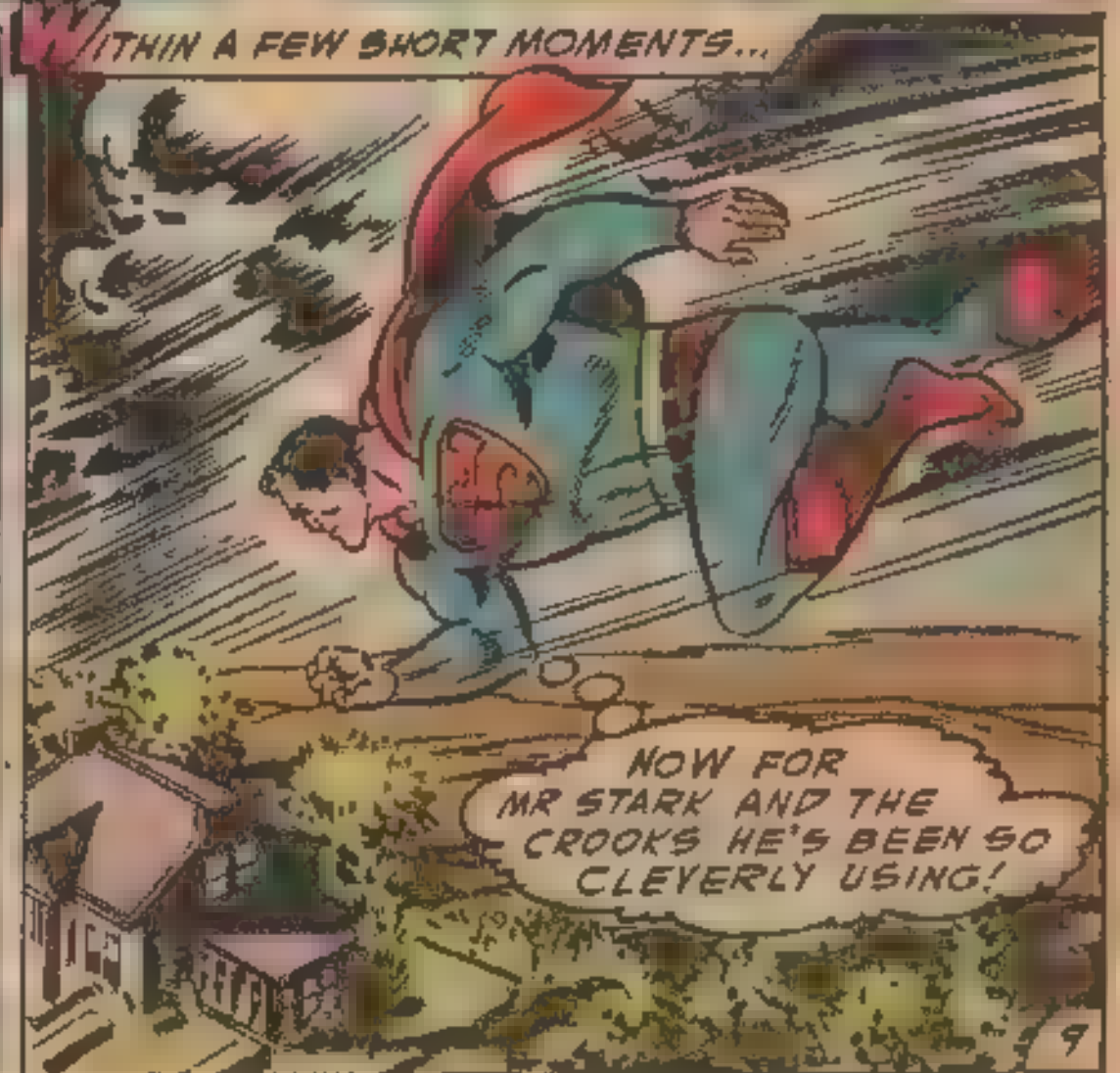
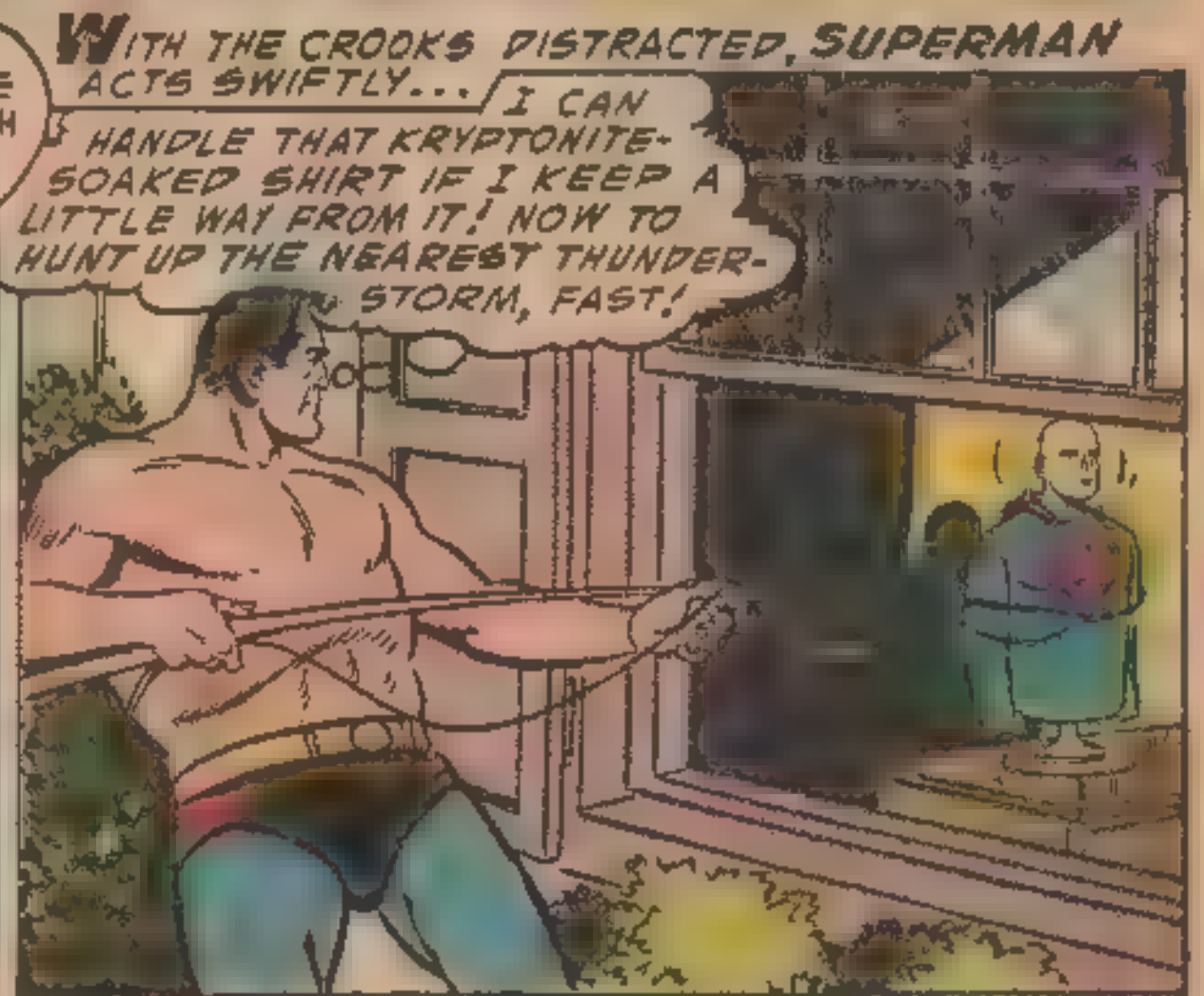
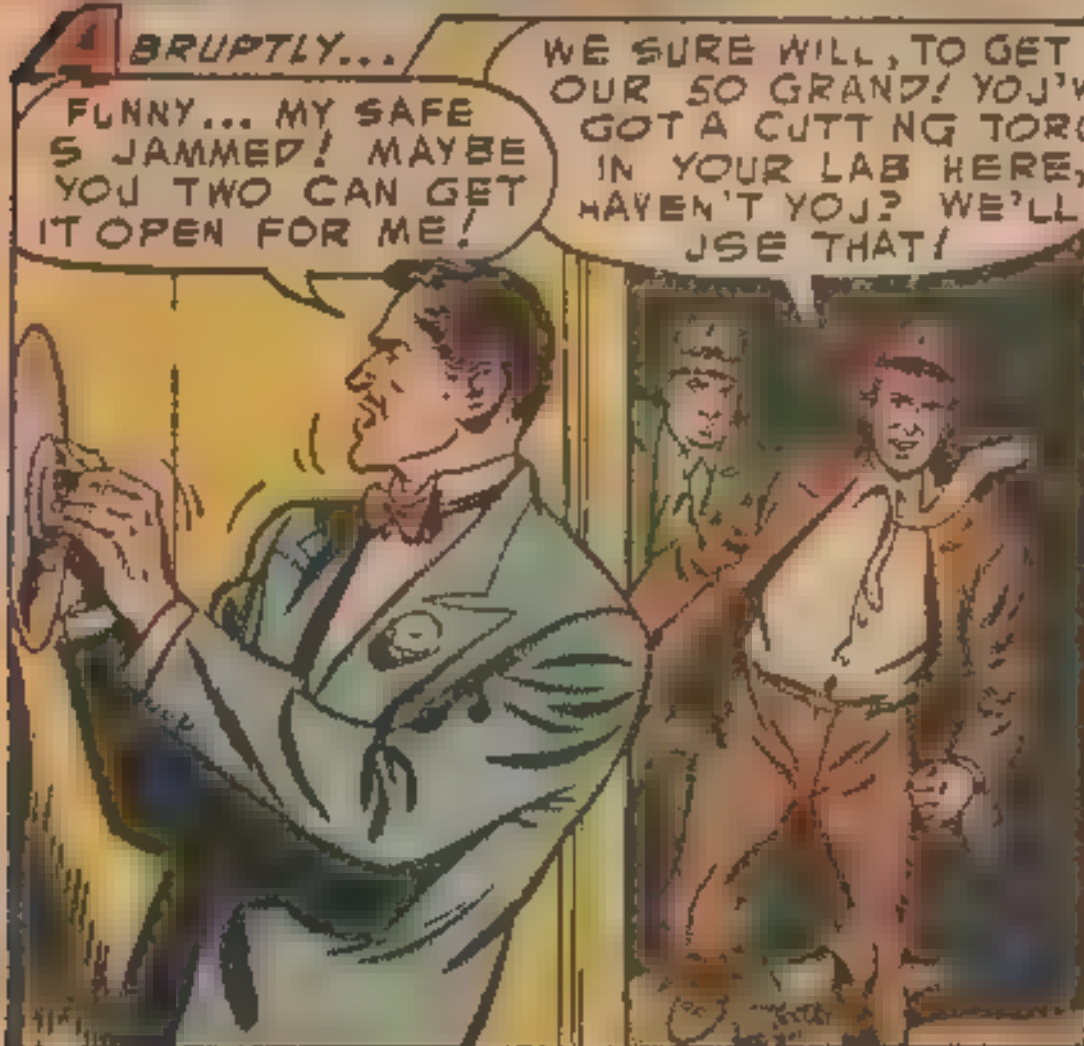
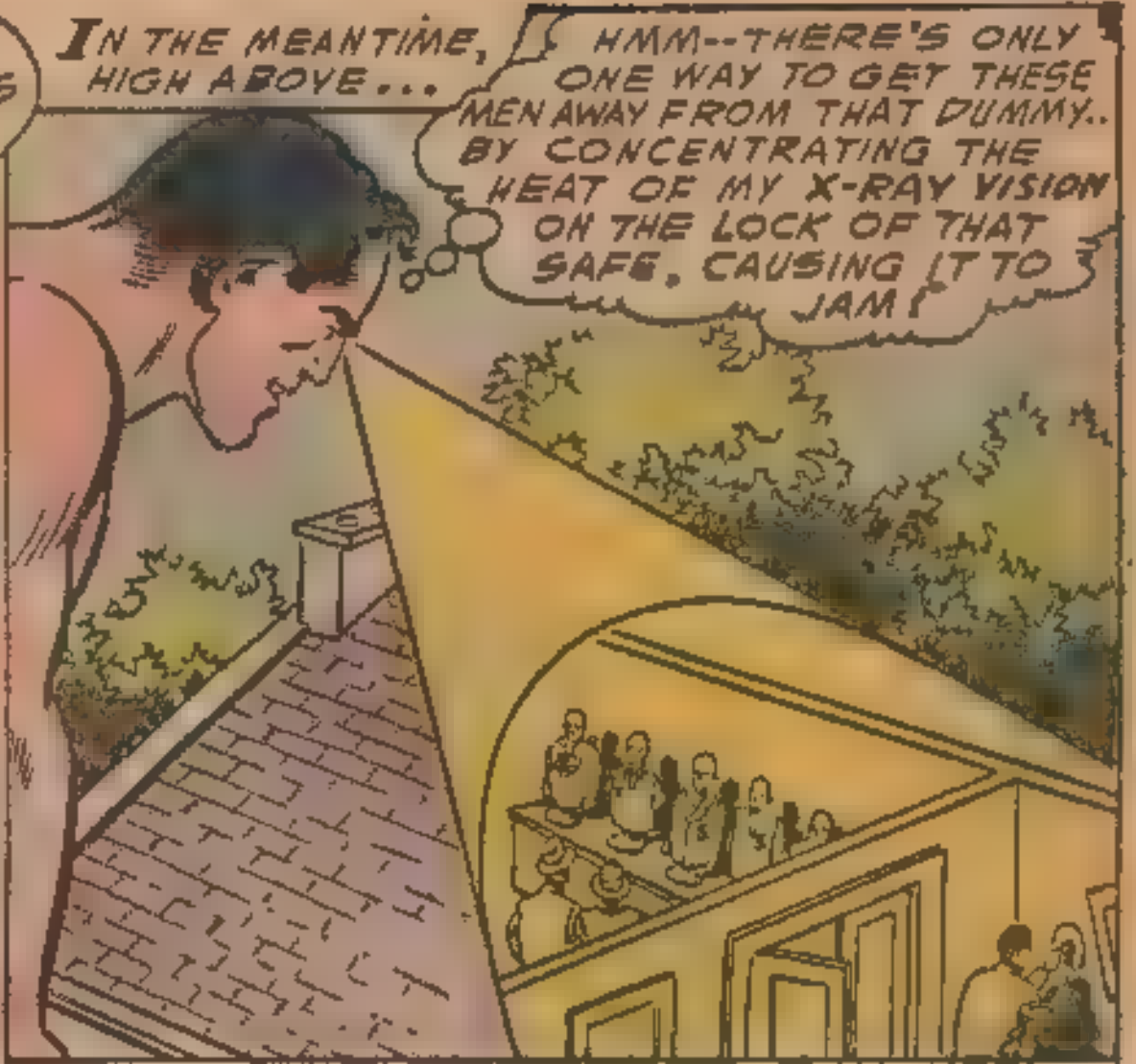
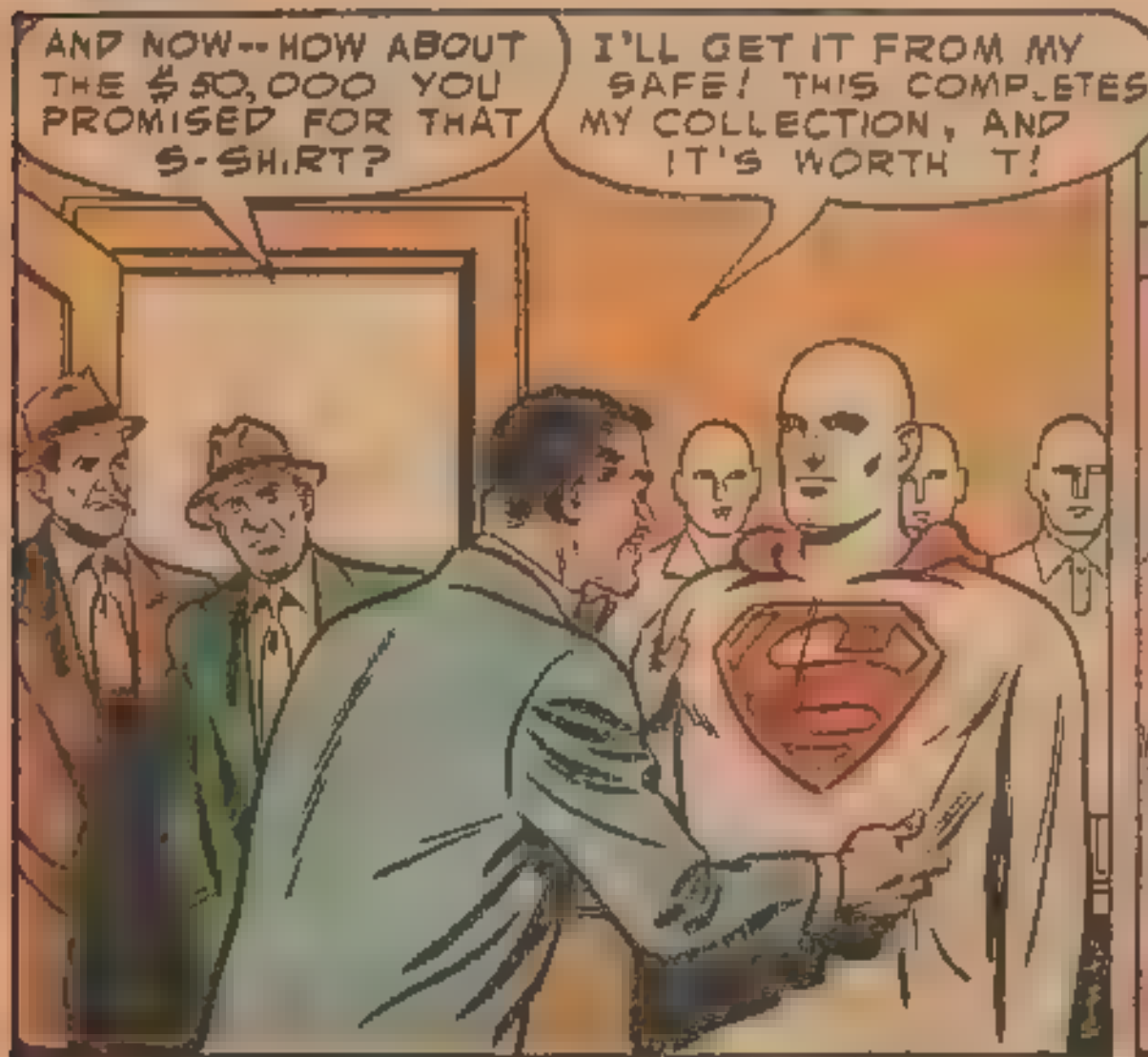


BUT THE MAN OF STEEL'S PROBLEMS ARE FAR FROM OVER AS HE CATCHES UP TO THE FLEEING CRIMINALS...



PRESENTLY, INSIDE...







ACTION COMICS



AND BACK IN THE HOUSE...

SUPERMAN!
HE SOMEHOW
GOT HIS S-SHIRT
BACK!

SO WHAT, **SUPERMAN?**
YOU CAN'T PROVE I HAD
ANYTHING TO DO WITH
THE THEFTS! THESE
BOYS WON'T TESTIFY
AGAINST ME!

YEAH, STARK PAID
US WELL FOR HIS
CRAZY S'S--SO WE
WON'T TESTIFY!

THEY'VE GOT TO TALK OR
I CAN'T HOLD STARK!

MAYBE YOU TWO WILL
CHANGE YOUR MINDS
WHEN YOU LEARN **WHY**
STARK WANTED MY
S-SHIRT!

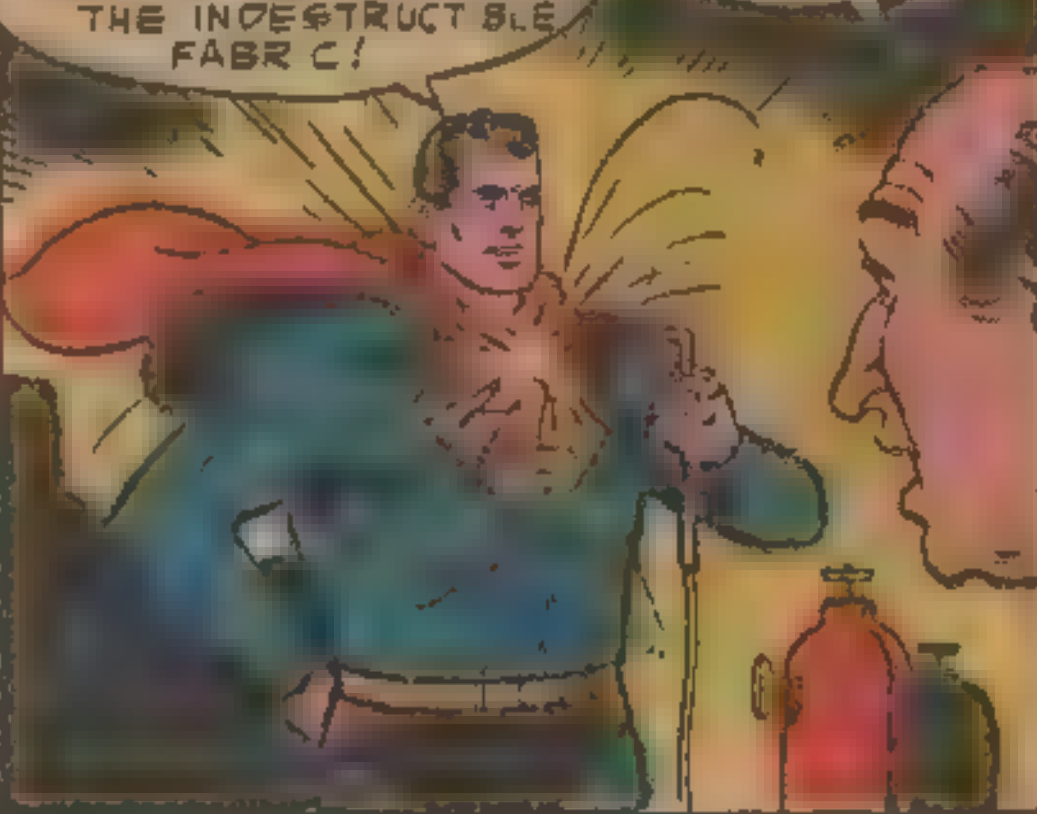
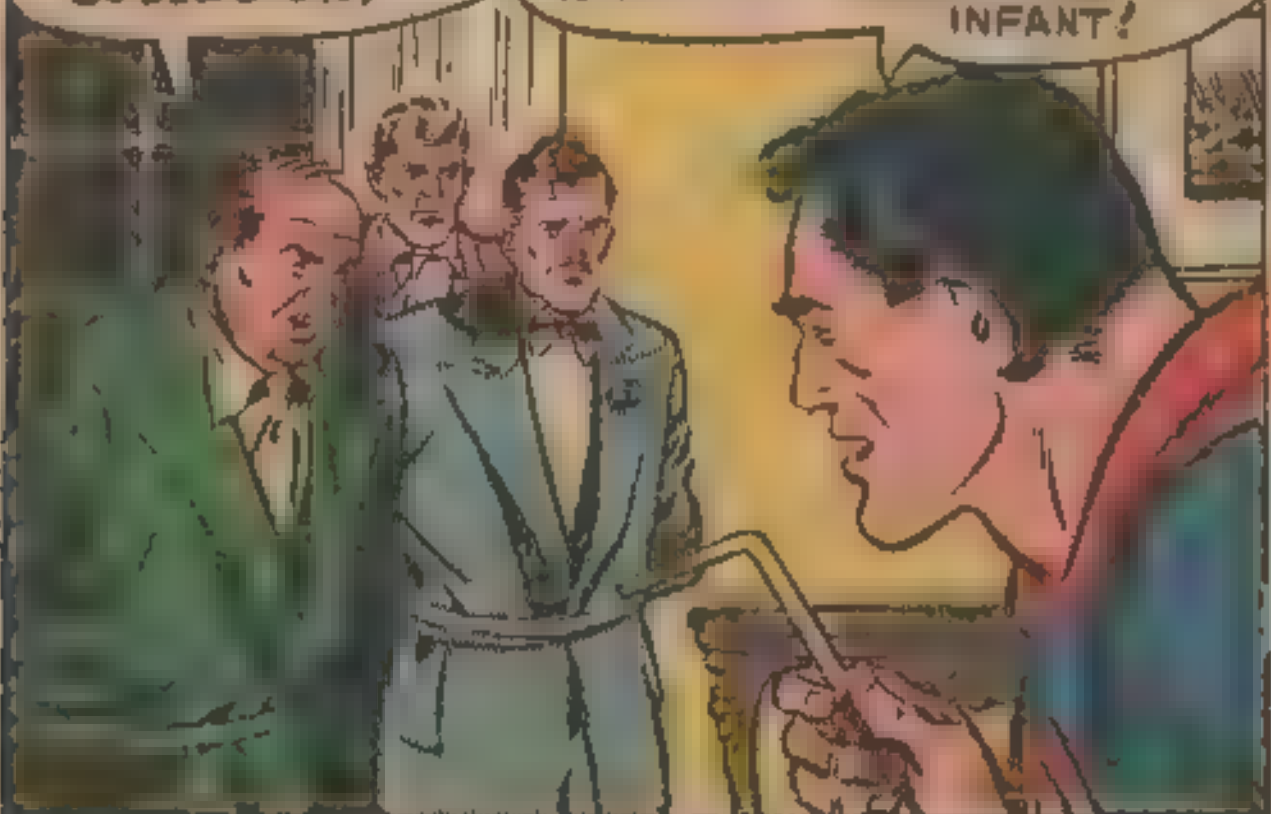


AW, STARK WAS JUST
PAYING FOR S-SHIRTS
LIKE YOURS BECAUSE
HE'S AN ECCENTRIC
COLLECTOR!

HE MADE YOU THINK THAT!
BUT YOU SEE, MY COSTUME
IS OF FABRIC THAT CAME
WITH ME FROM THE PLANET
KRYPTON WHEN I WAS AN
INFANT!

IT'S AN INDESTRUCTIBLE
SUPER-FABRIC!
STARK WANTED MY
SHIRT SO HE COULD
ANALYZE AND REPRODUCE
THE INDESTRUCTIBLE
FABRIC!

WHY, IT'S TRUE!
THE CUTTING-
TORCH DOESN'T
EVEN MARK
IT!

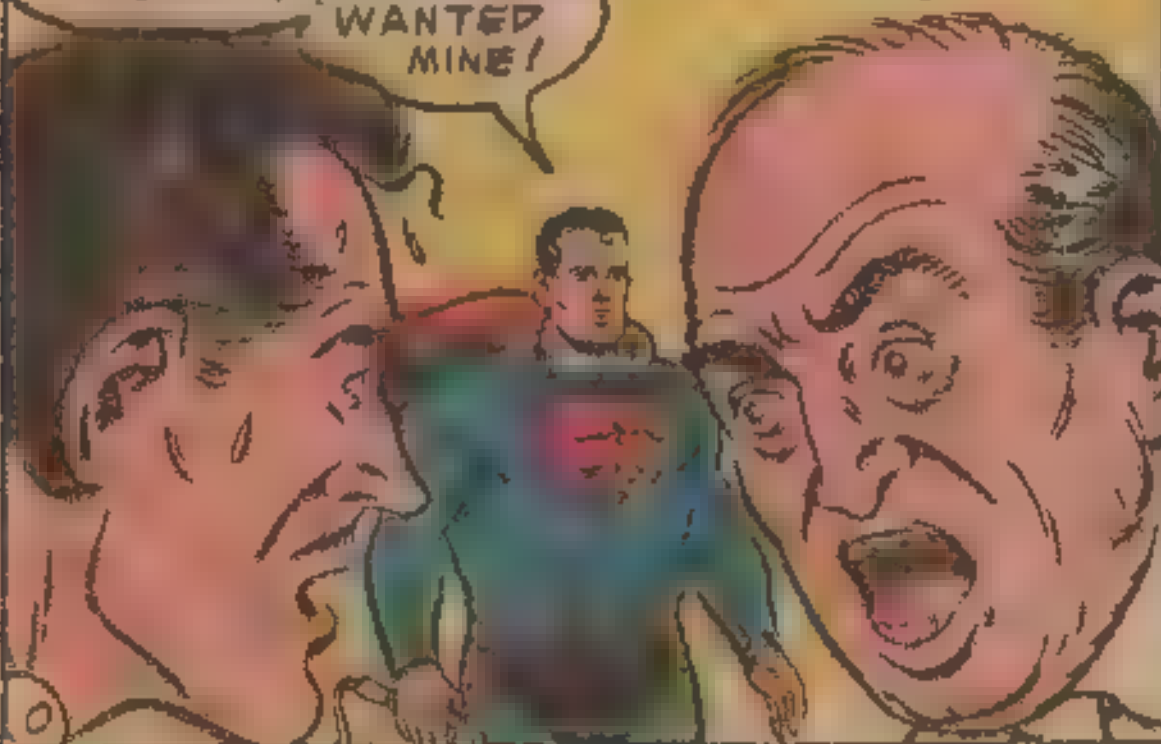


STARK COULD'VE MADE
A FORTUNE SELLING
GARMENTS OF THIS
FABRIC TO CRIMINALS!
HE HAD YOU STEAL
OTHER S-GARMENTS
SO YOU WOULDN'T
SUSPECT WHY HE
WANTED MINE!

AND YOU MADE US
THINK YOU WERE
JUST A ZANY
COLLECTOR?
WHY, YOU DIRTY
CROOK!

WE'LL
TESTIFY AGAINST
HIM! WE'LL GIVE
HIM AN S HE
DOESN'T WANT--A
SQUEAL!

YOU'RE ALL GOING TO
GET AN S YOU DIDN'T
ASK FOR-- A NICE,
LONG **SENTENCE!**



THE
END

Tootsie Rolls



PEANUTS
POPCORN AND
Tootsie Rolls

BASEBALL'S
MY SPORT-AND
Tootsie Rolls MY
FAVORITE CANDY

Yes, for baseball fans
and players, too!

Tootsie Rolls

... the All-American Champ of Candies

• CHOCOLATY

• TASTY

• LONG LASTING

Stays firm and fresh even on the hottest days.

At all candy counters — still only **5c**

Tootsie POPS

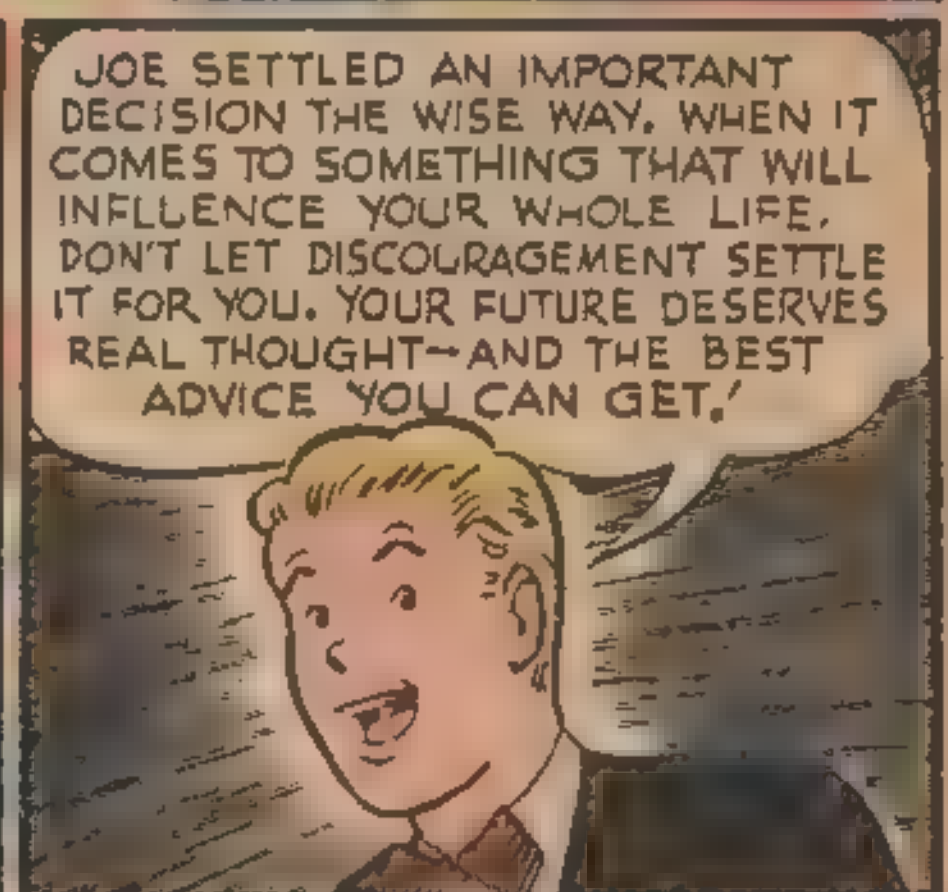
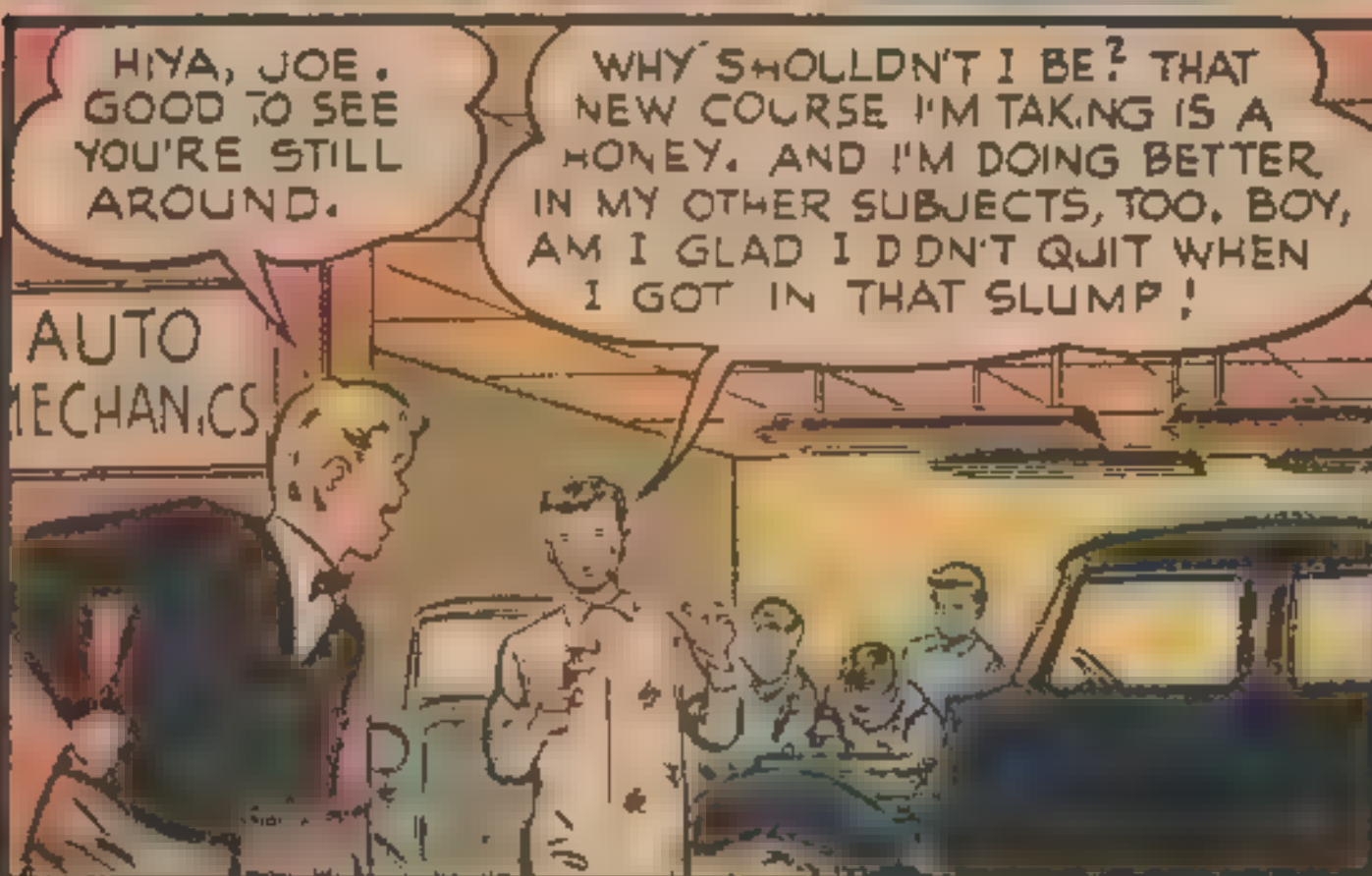
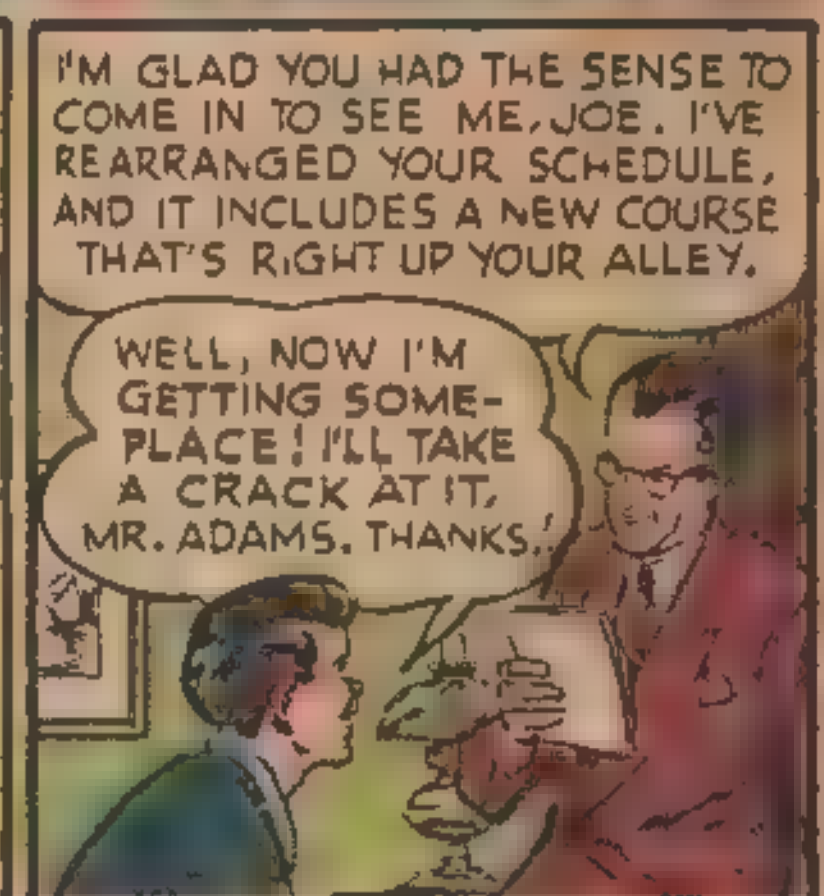
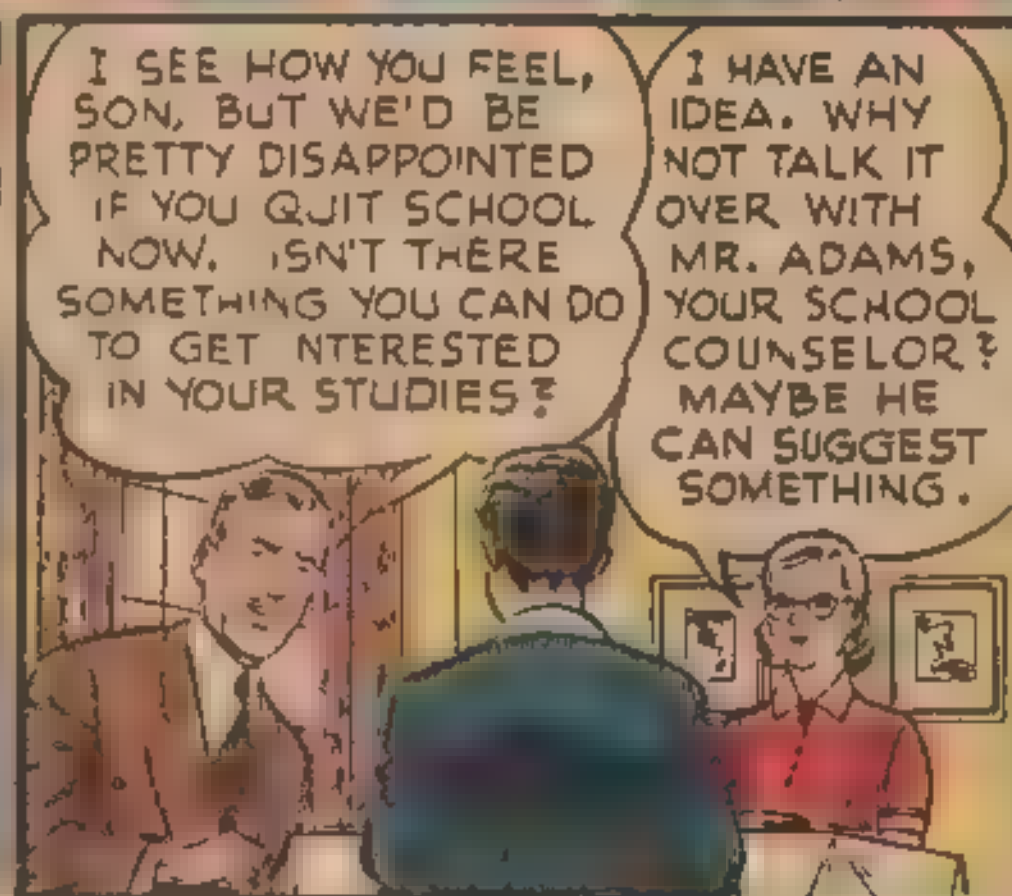
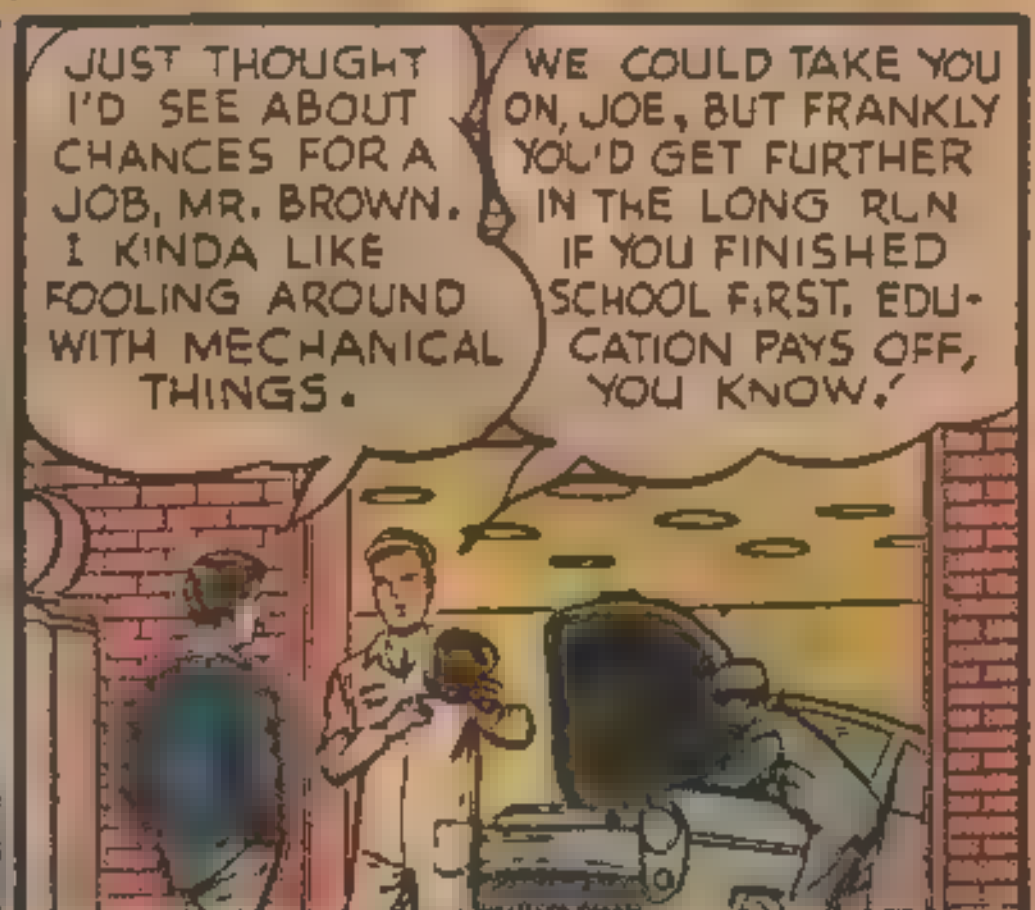
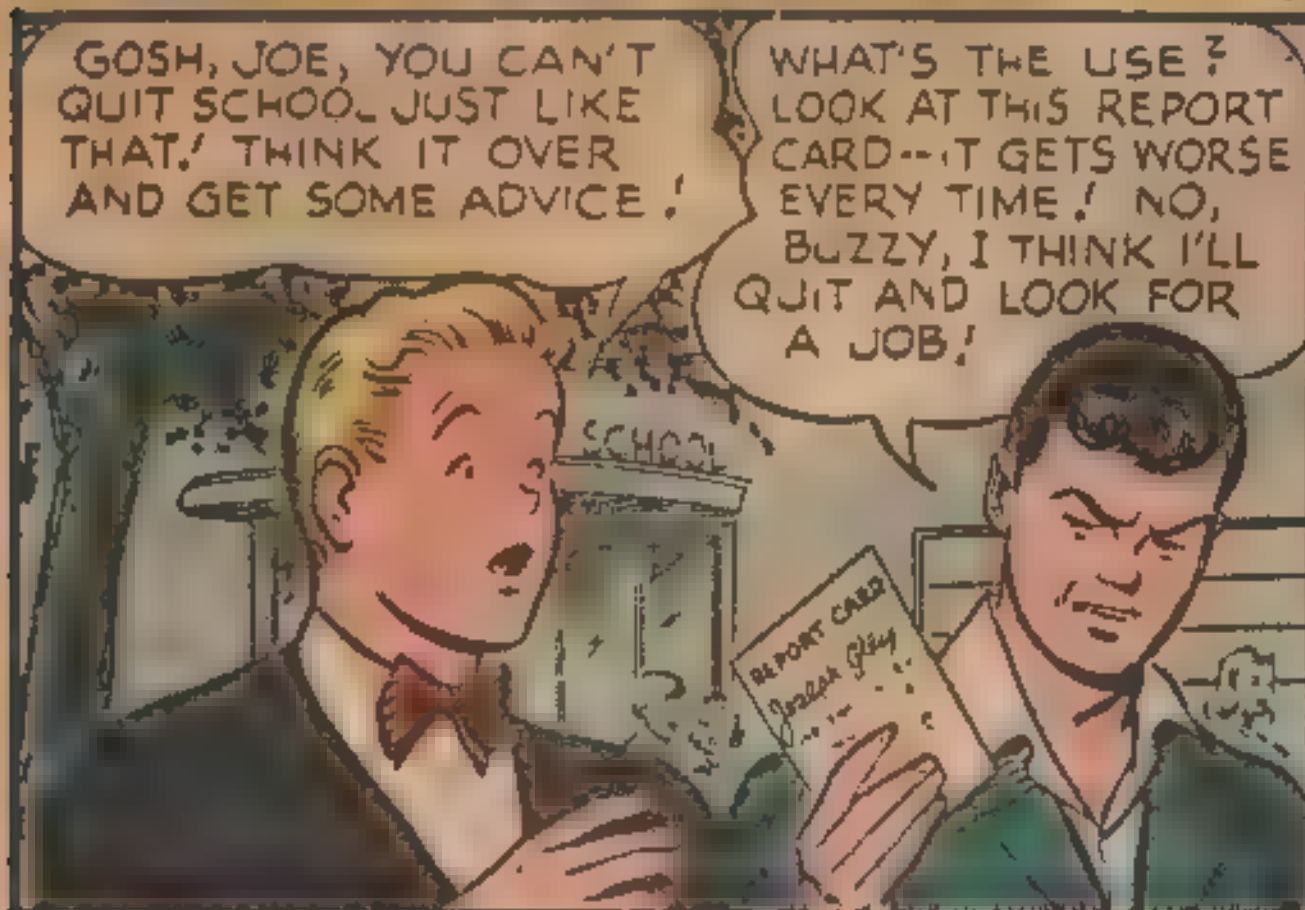
—Fruit candy on
the outside.
TOOTSIE ROLL in-
side. Two treats
for the price of
one — only 2c.



These delicious **Tootsie CANDIES**
are only **1c** each.

BUZZY

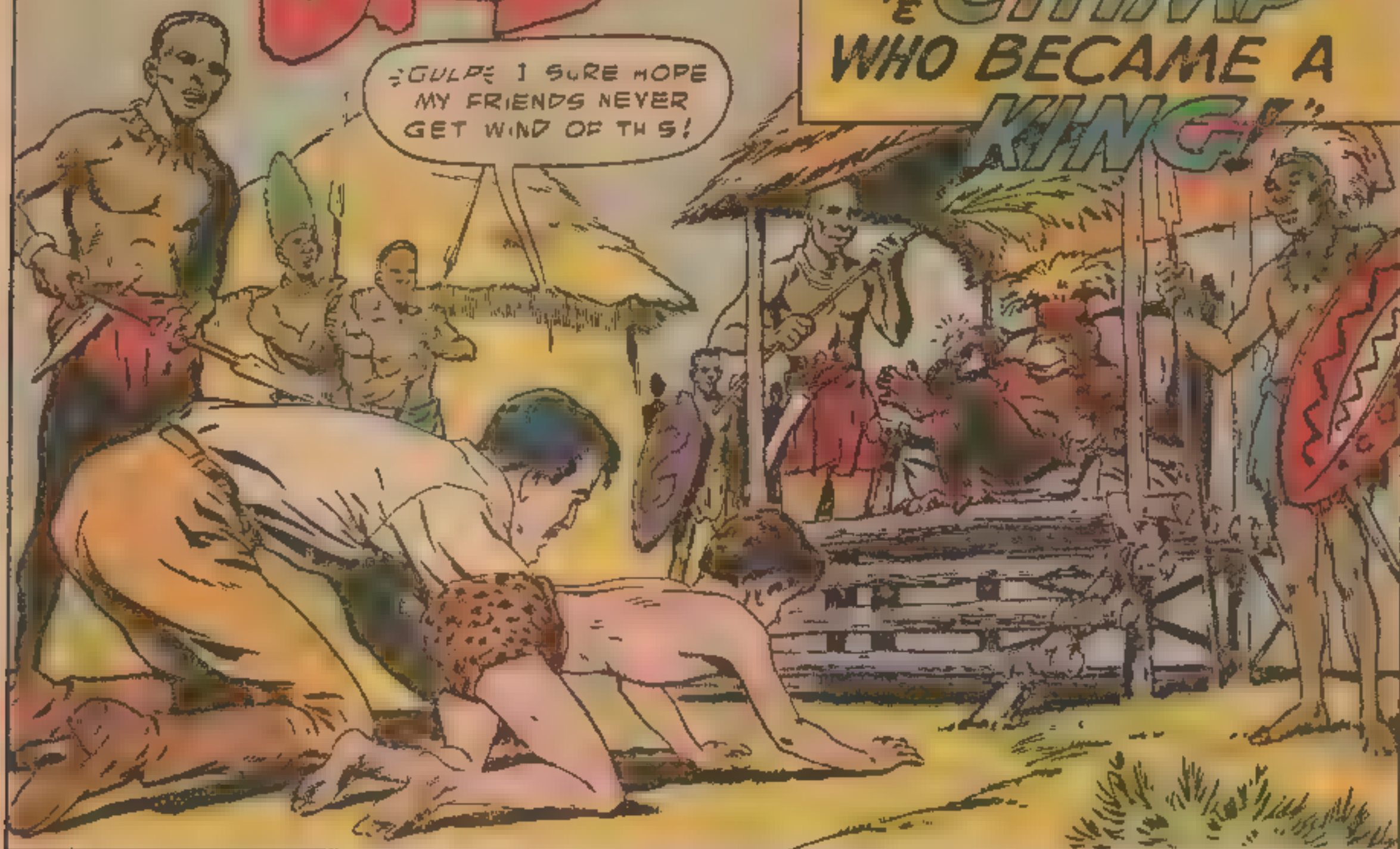
has the answer to "SCHOOL BLUES!"



Congo Bill

HE MAY BE ONLY A CHIMPANZEE TO YOU- BUT TO A CERTAIN NATIVE TRIBE, CHOTA IS HIS ROYAL MAJESTY! AND INCLUDED AMONG HIS LOWLY SUBJECTS ARE NONE OTHER THAN CONGO BILL AND JANU, THE JUNGLE BOY! BUT THE MYSTERY DEEPENS EVEN MORE WHEN THE ACE ADVENTURER AND HIS YOUNG CHUM TRY TO UNRAVEL THE PUZZLE BEHIND...

"THE CHIMP WHO BECAME A KING!"



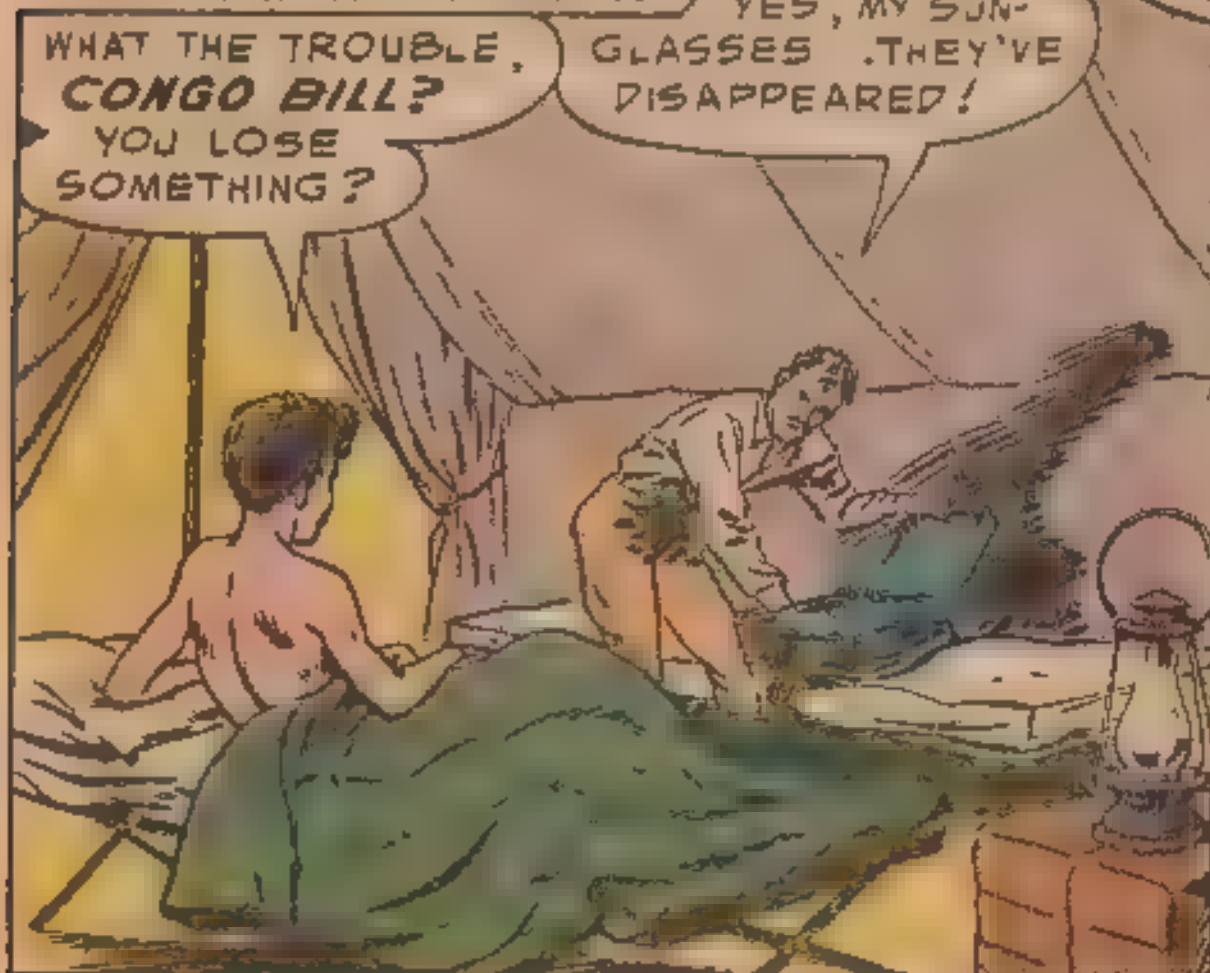
ONE MORNING, AS CONGO BILL AND HIS YOUNG ALLY, JANU, THE JUNGLE BOY, AWAKEN IN THEIR CAMP...

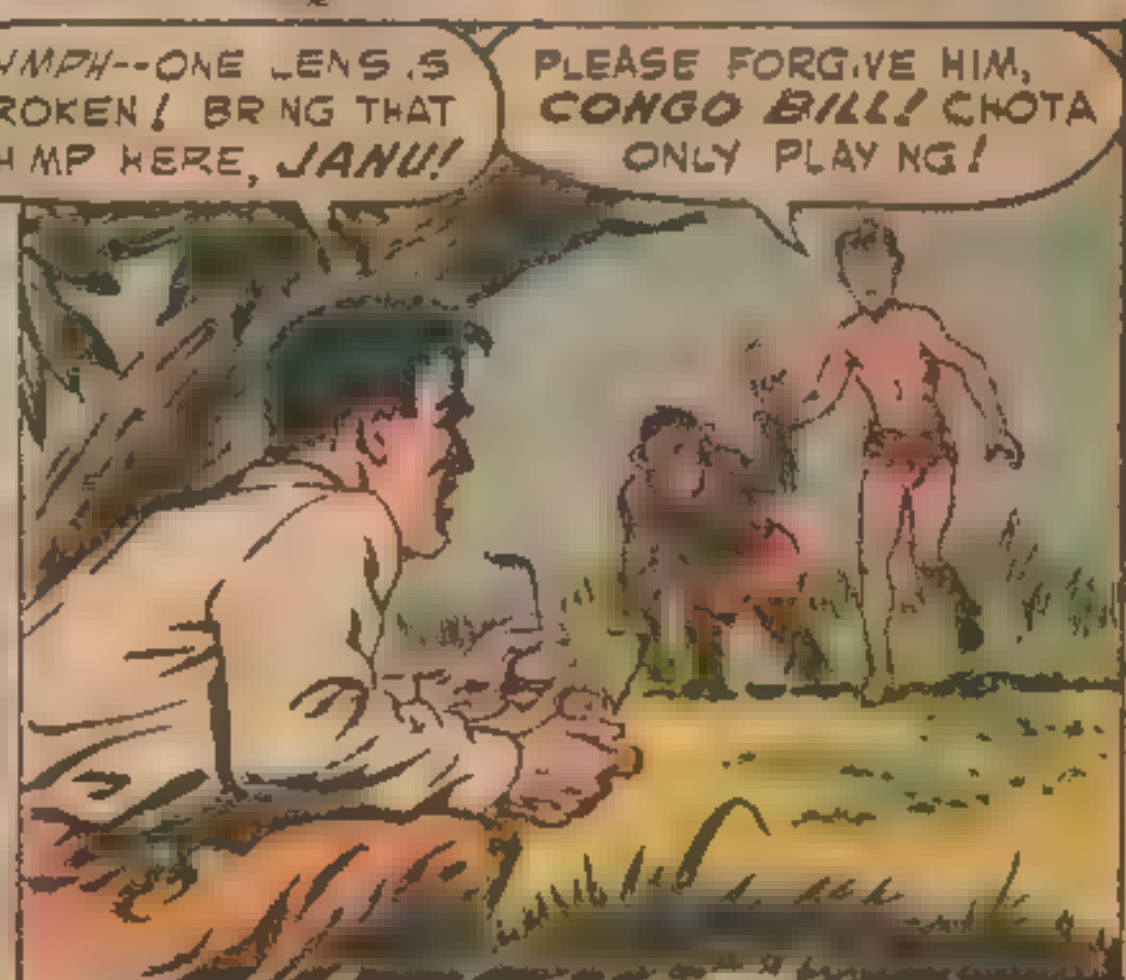
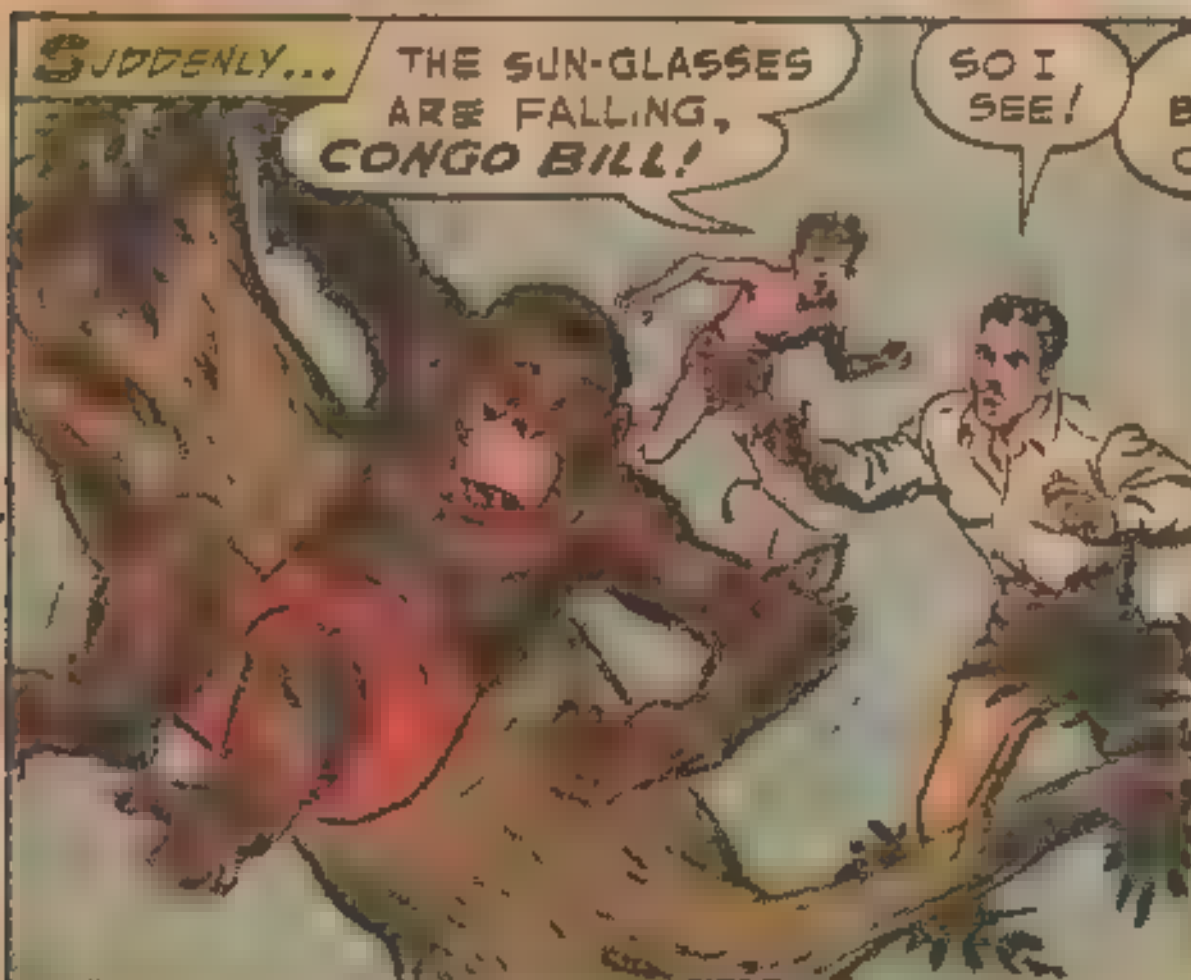
WHAT THE TROUBLE, CONGO BILL? YOU LOSE SOMETHING?

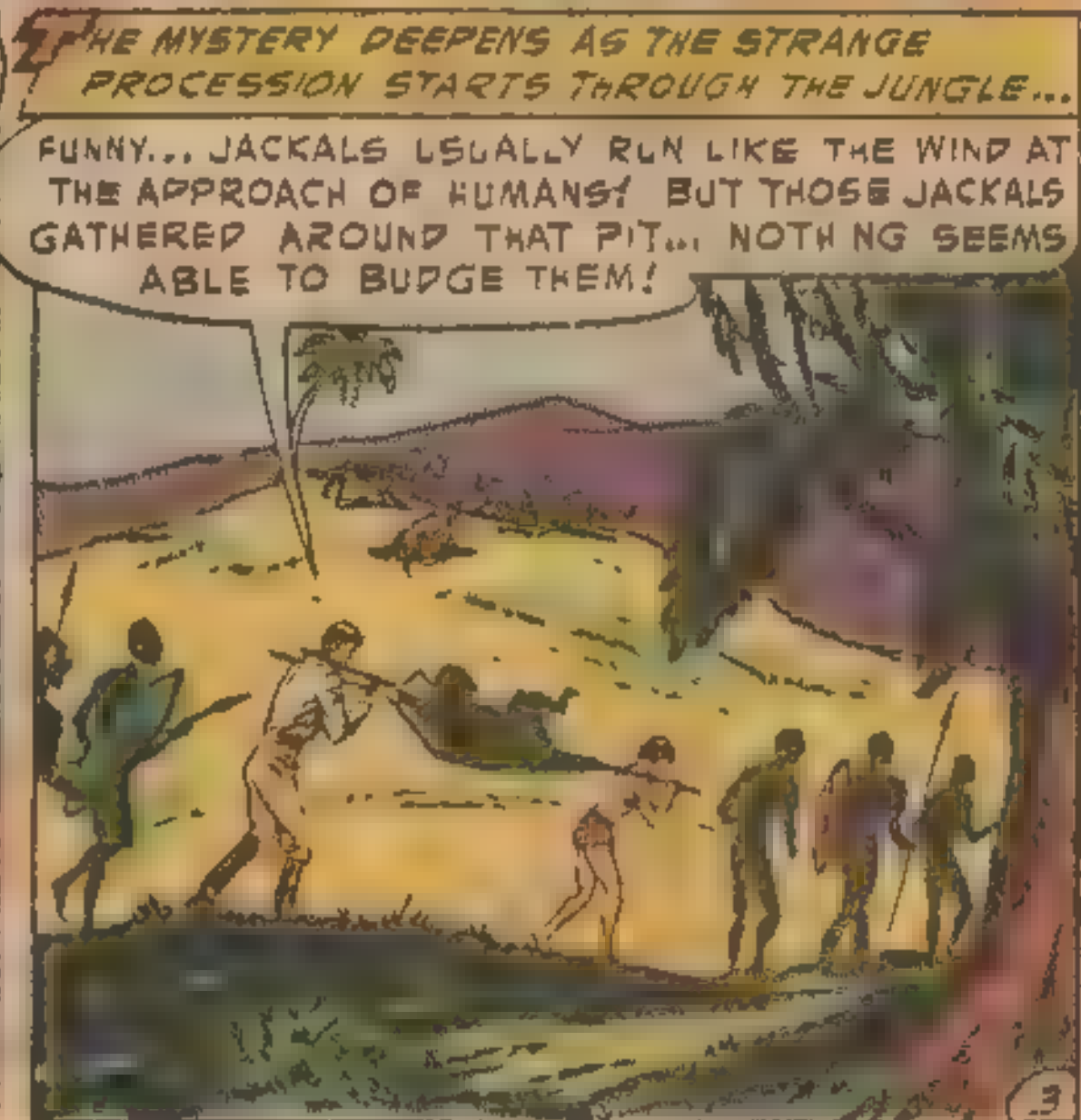
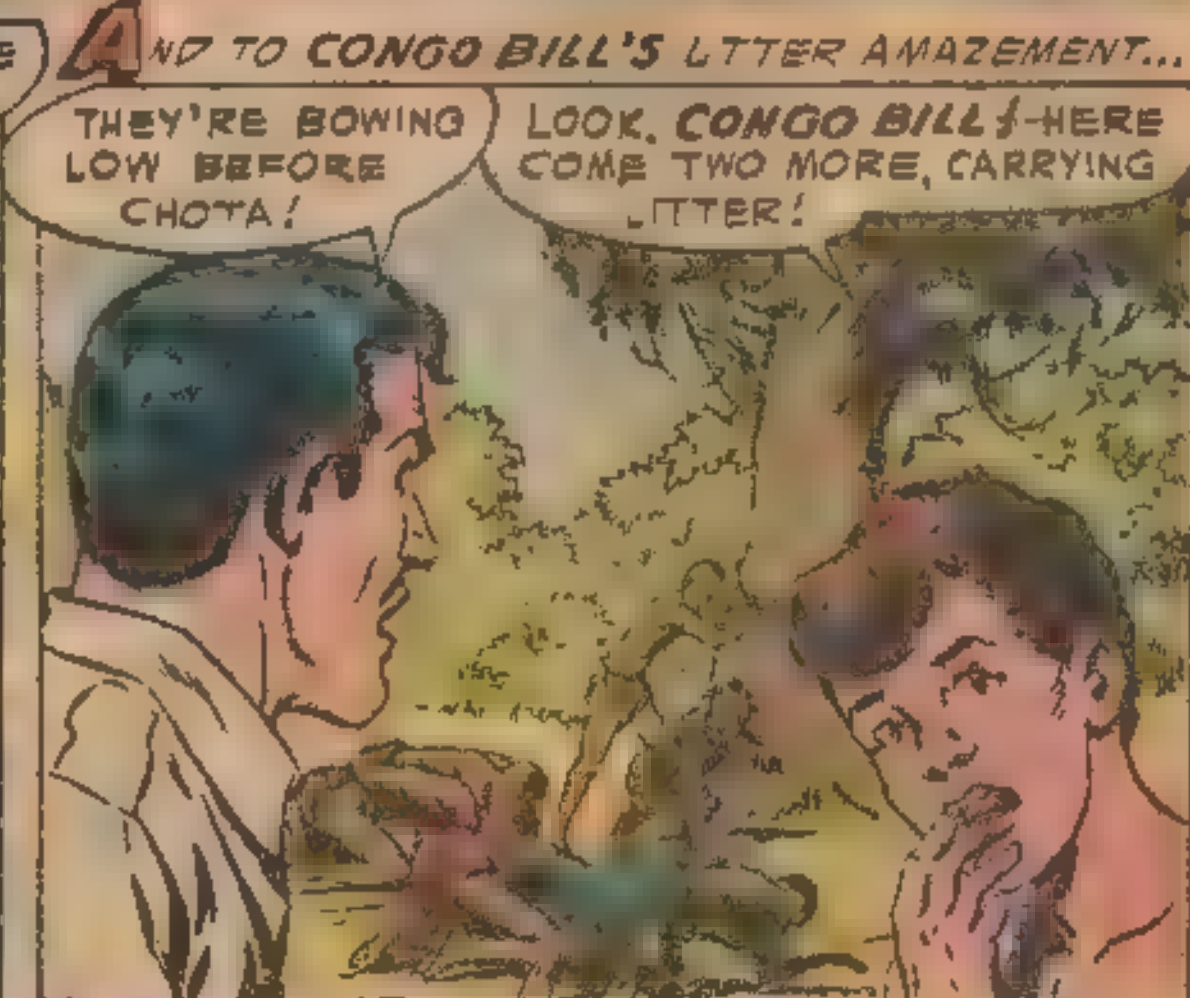
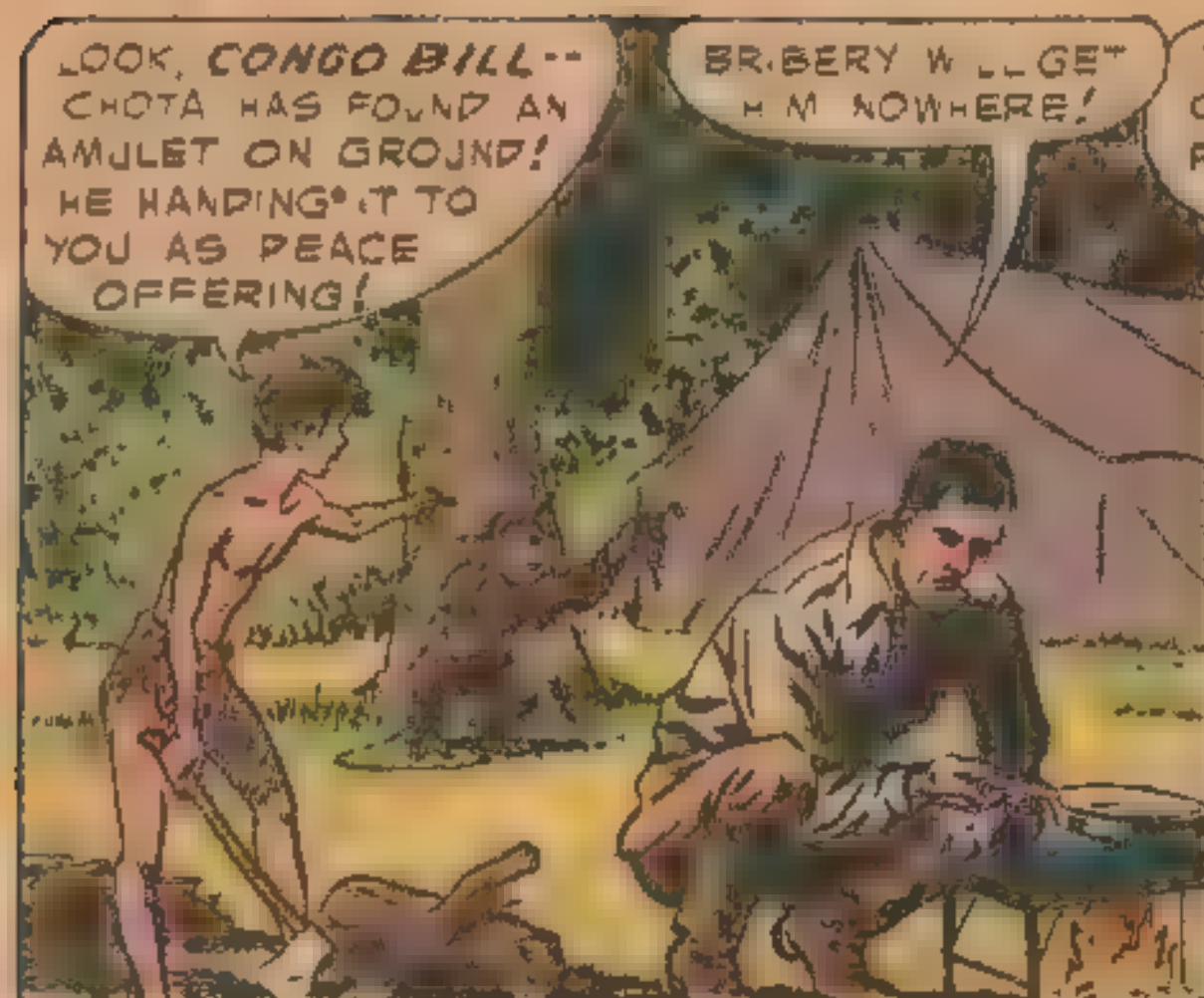
YES, MY SUN-GLASSES. THEY'VE DISAPPEARED!

ER-- YOU DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THIS, DO YOU, JANU?

OH, NO-- I WOULDN'T -- BOUNCING BUFFALOS! LOOK, CONGO BILL!









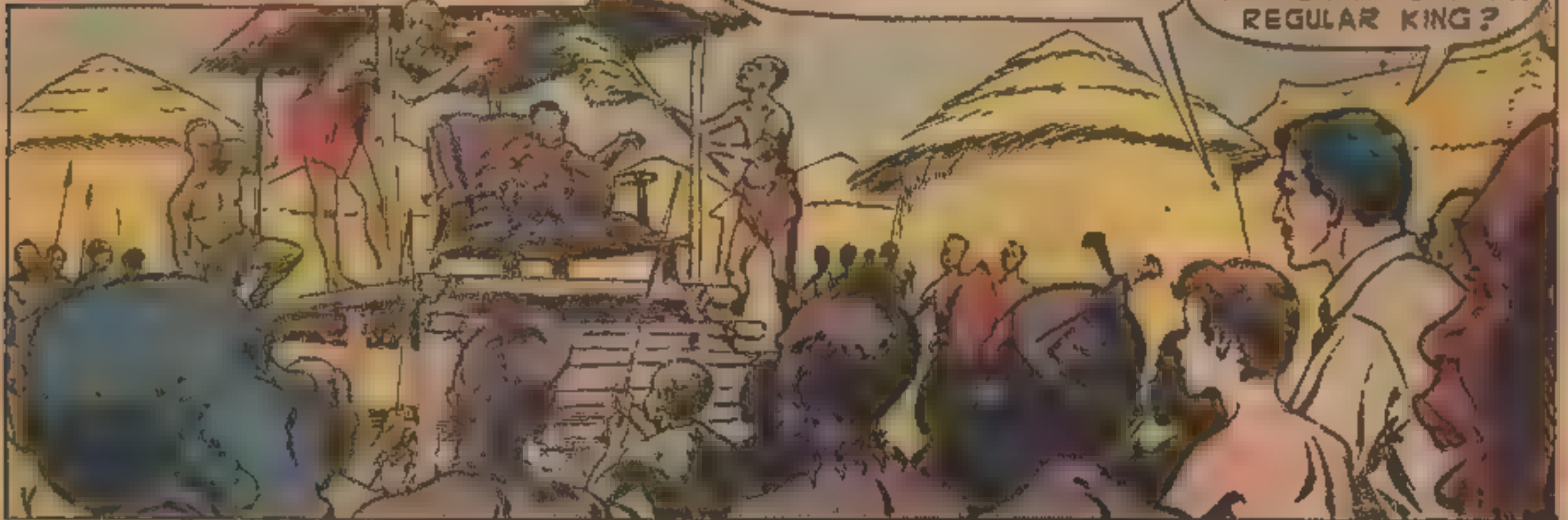
ACTION COMICS



SHORTLY, IN THE VILLAGE OF THE
CHOTA-WORSHIPPING NATIVES...

ROMPING RHINOS! THEY--
MAKING CHOTA THEIR KING!

HMM-- WONDER WHAT
HAPPENED TO THEIR
REGULAR KING?



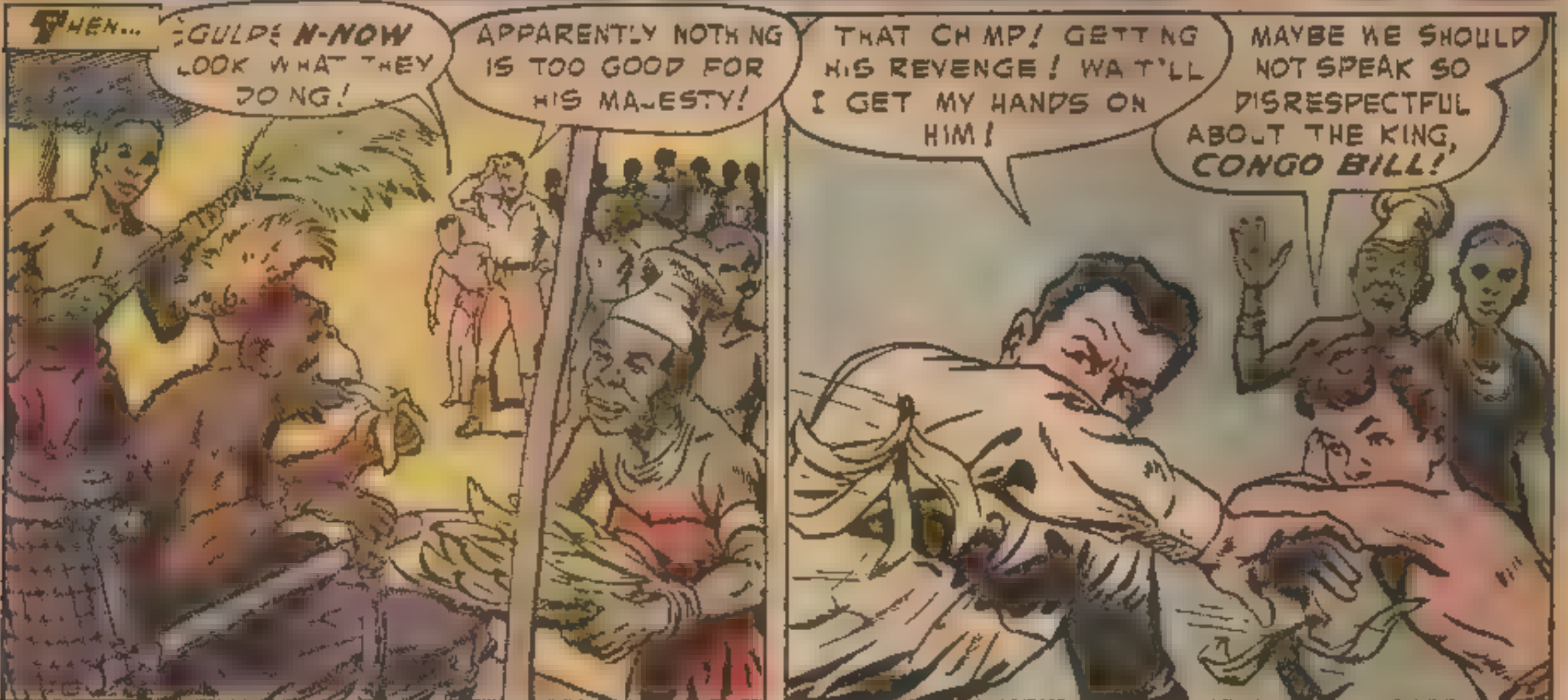
THEN...

GULPE N-NOW
LOOK WHAT THEY
DOING!

APPARENTLY NOTHING
IS TOO GOOD FOR
HIS MAJESTY!

THAT CHIMP! GETTING
HIS REVENGE! WA T'LL
I GET MY HANDS ON
HIM!

MAYBE WE SHOULD
NOT SPEAK SO
DISRESPECTFUL
ABOUT THE KING,
CONGO BILL!



ABRUPTLY...

OUCH! THEY WANT
US TO APPROACH
THRONE! WHAT
FOR?

WE'LL SOON FIND
OUT! LET'S
GO!

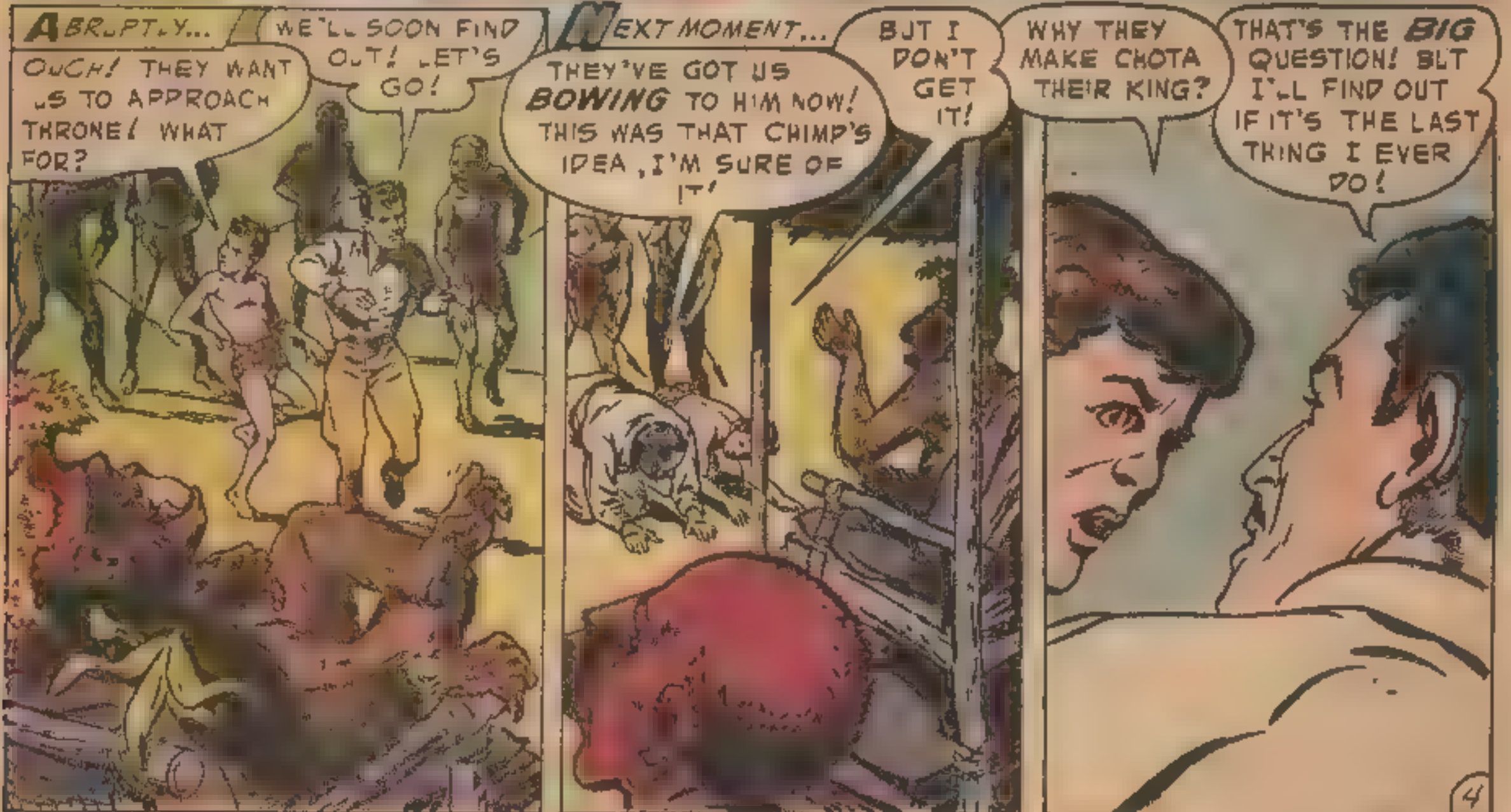
NEXT MOMENT...

THEY'VE GOT US
BOWING TO HIM NOW!
THIS WAS THAT CHIMP'S
IDEA, I'M SURE OF
IT!

BUT I
DON'T
GET
IT!

WHY THEY
MAKE CHOTA
THEIR KING?

THAT'S THE **BIG**
QUESTION! BUT
I'LL FIND OUT
IF IT'S THE LAST
THING I EVER
DO!



IN THE BUSY HOURS THAT FOLLOW, CONGO BILL AND JANU LEARN WHAT IT MEANS TO BE THE SUBJECTS OF A REVENGING MONARCH--



--UNTIL, SOME TIME LATER...

CONGO BILL,
HOW LONG THIS
CRAZY BUSINESS
GO ON?

AS FAR AS I
CAN SEE, FOR
THE REST OF
OUR LIVES...

...UNLESS I CAN FIGURE IT ALL
OUT! LET'S SEE...THE REASON
THEY MADE CHOTA THEIR KING
IS OBVIOUSLY BECAUSE THE R
REGULAR KING DIED!

YES--
BUT WHY
CHOTA?

WAIT A MINUTE! THAT
AMULET CHOTA FOUND
AND TIED AROUND
HIS WRIST... THAT
MUST BE IT!

YOU
MEAN,
THAT
AMULET
BELONG TO
FORMER
KING?



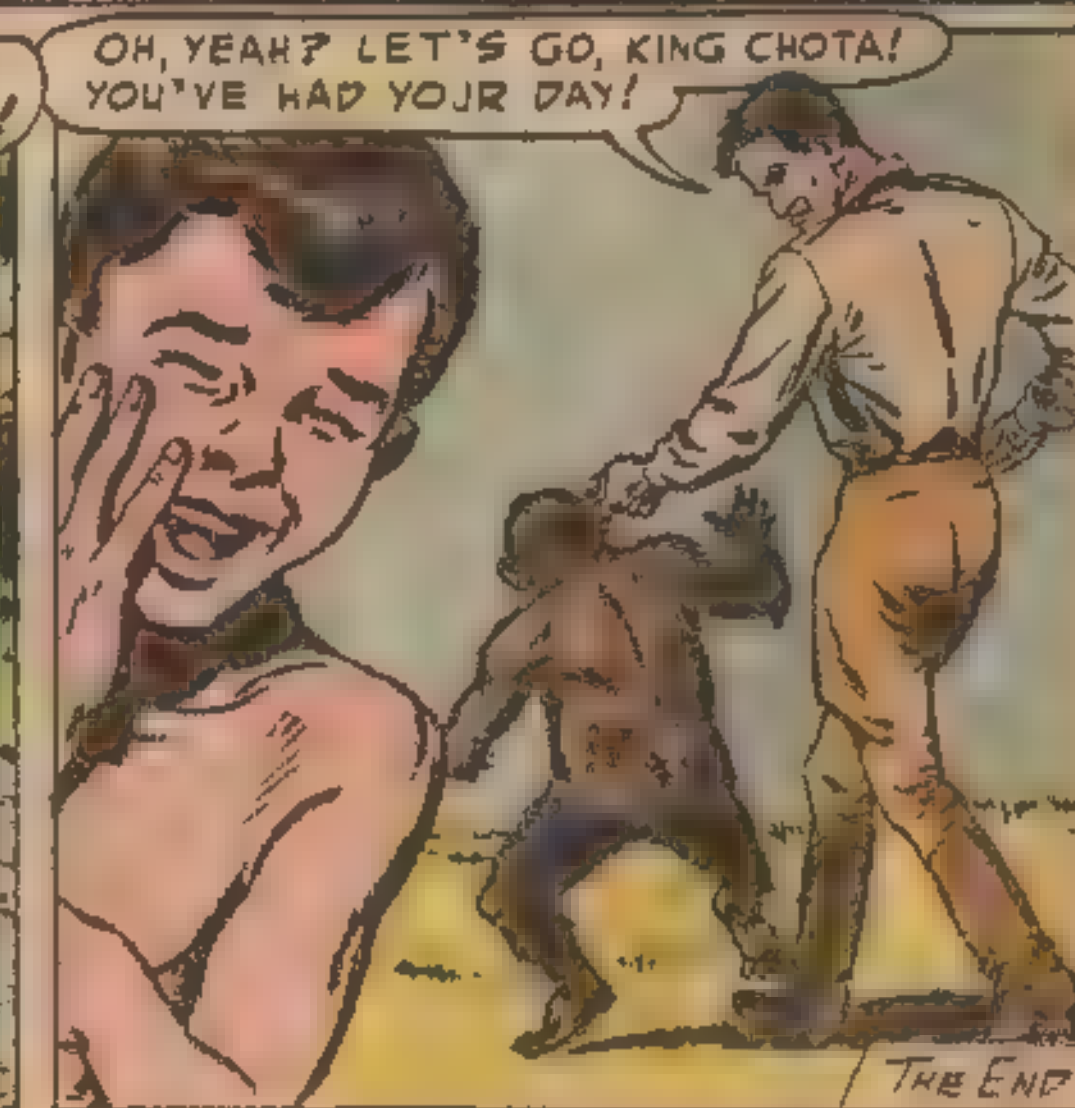
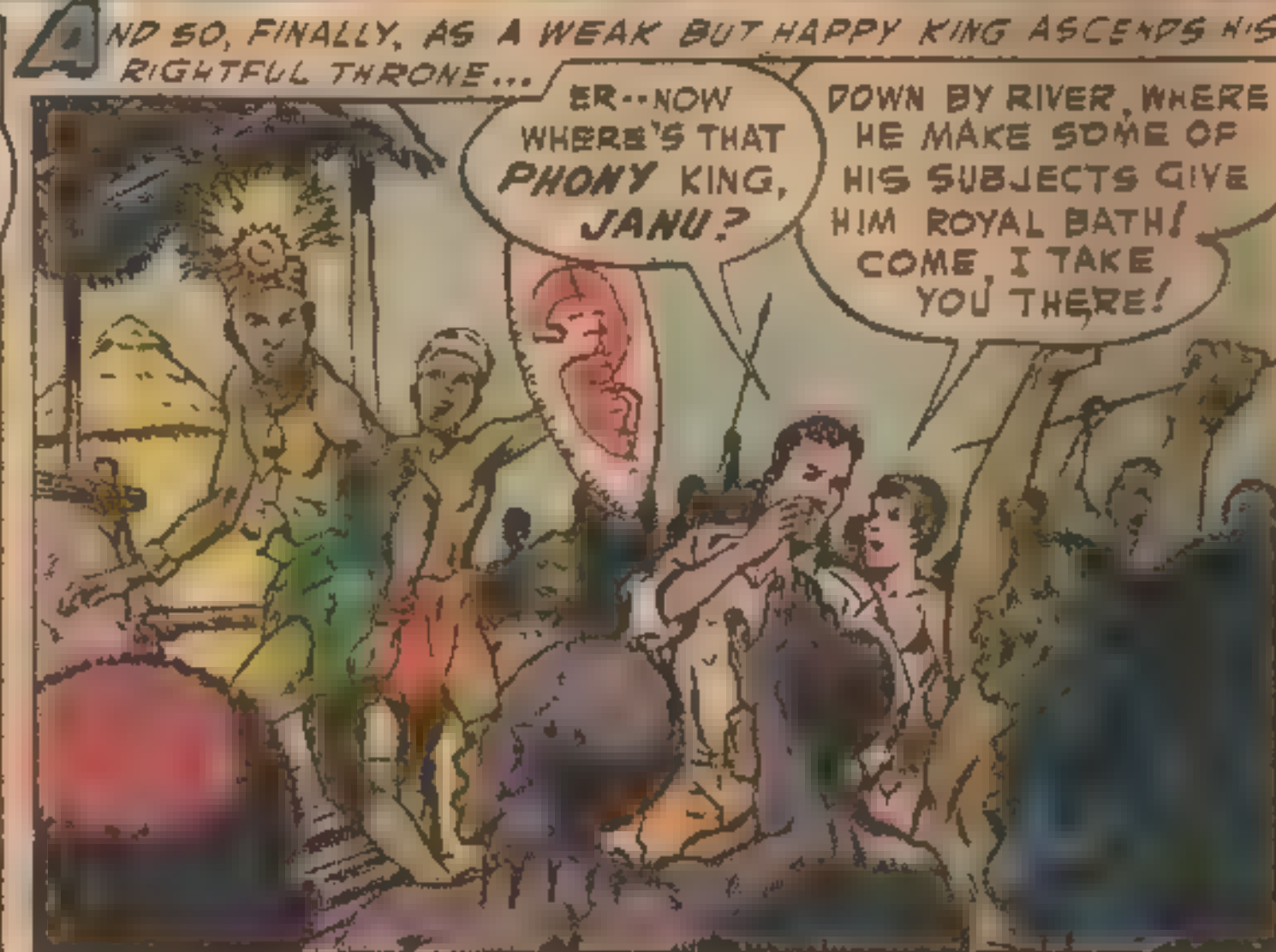
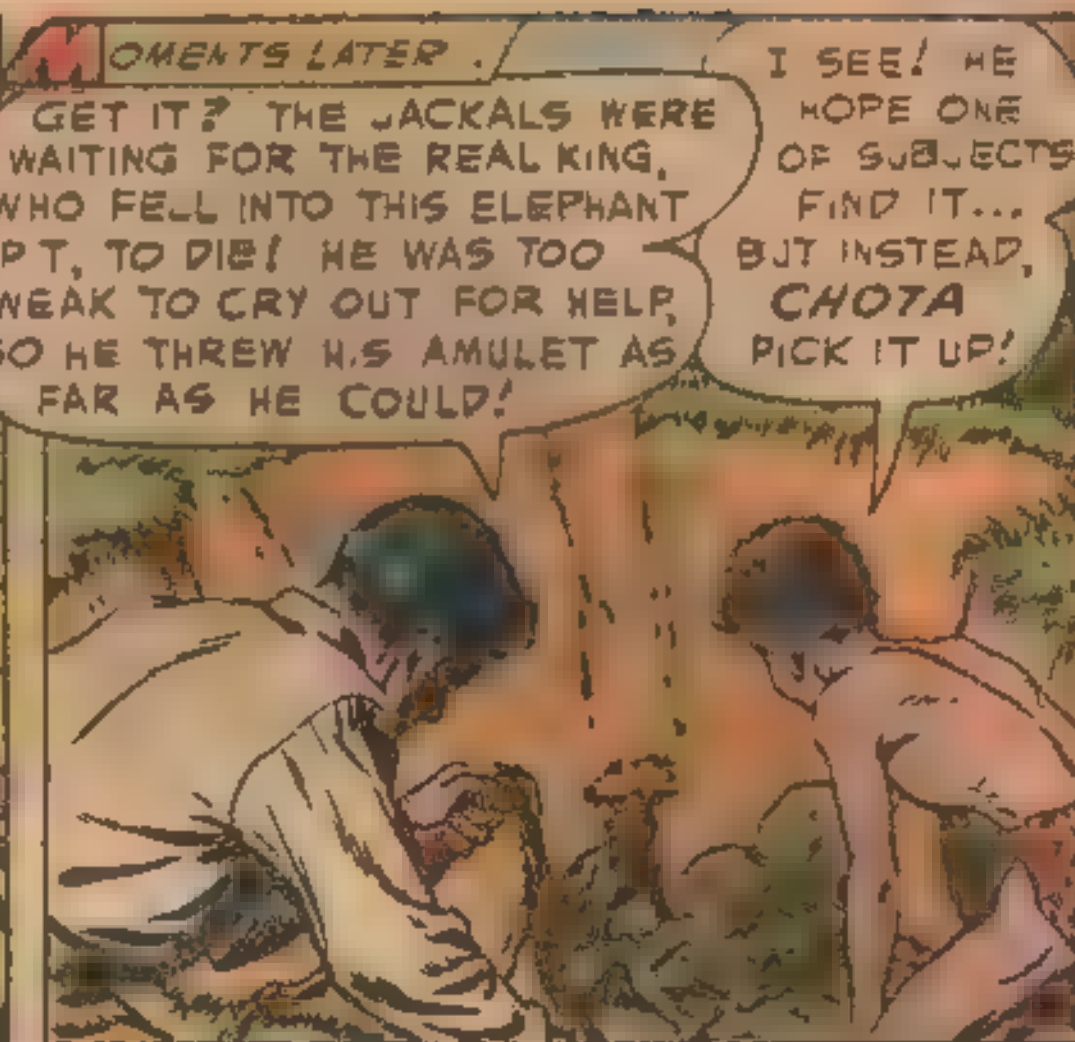
YES, YES-- AND THEY THINK CHOTA,
BECAUSE HE'S WEARING THE
AMULET, IS THE REINCARNATION
OF THEIR FORMER KING! IT'S A
POPULAR SUPERSTITION OF THIS
TRIBE!

BUT IF FORMER
KING DIE, HOW
COME HIS AMULET
FOUND ON
GROUND?

A GOOD QUESTION! BUT I
JUST REMEMBERED SOME-
THING ELSE! FOLLOW
ME, JANU!

HOKAY--
BUT I WISH
YOU TELL ME
WHAT IT ALL
ABOUT!





ADVERTISEMENT
ADVENTURES OF THE DUBBLE BUBBLE KIDS



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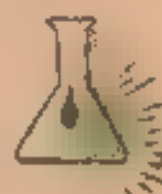
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COMICS

POLIO
Research
 will mean
Victory!

GAMMA GLOBULIN—
 obtained from human blood—
 protects for a few weeks
 But it is in very short supply



**When POLIO is around,
 follow these PRECAUTIONS**

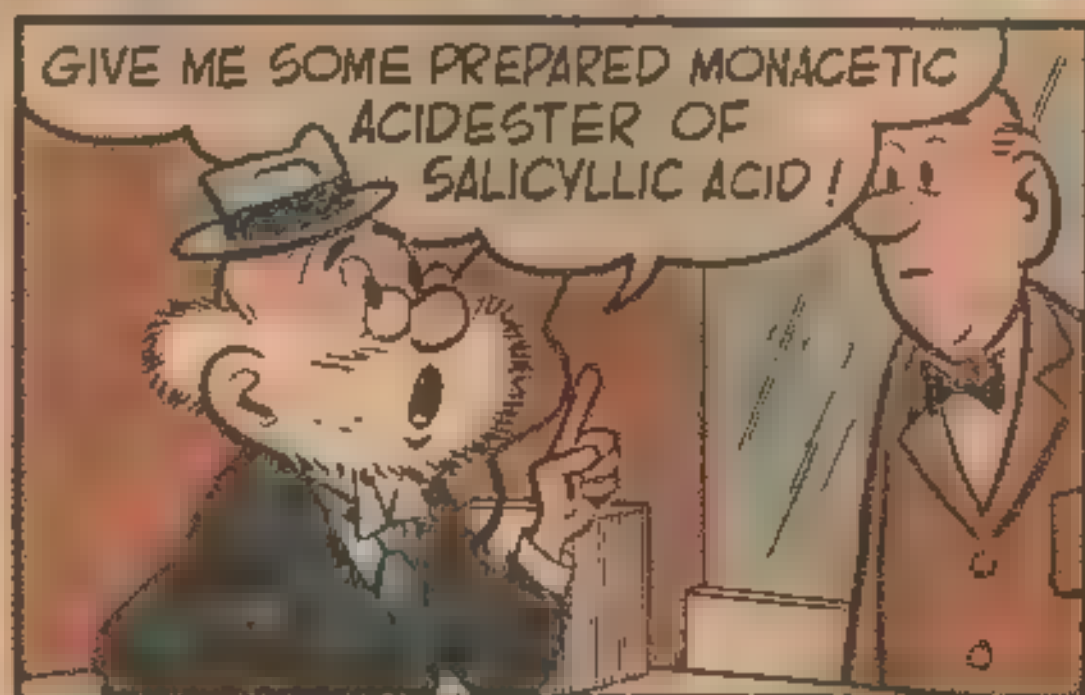
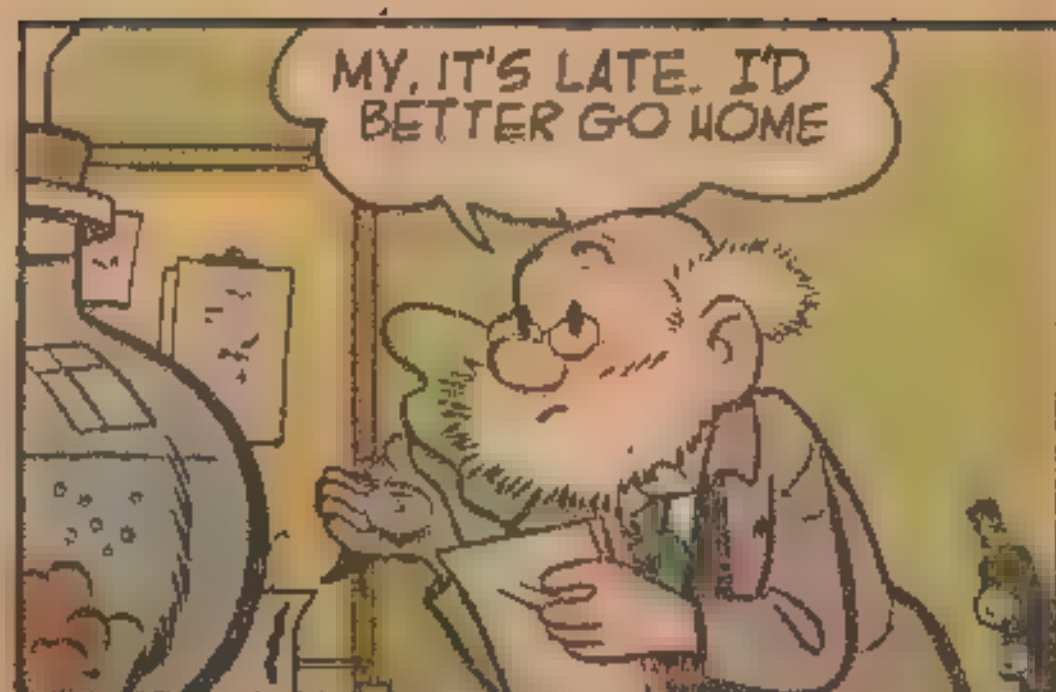
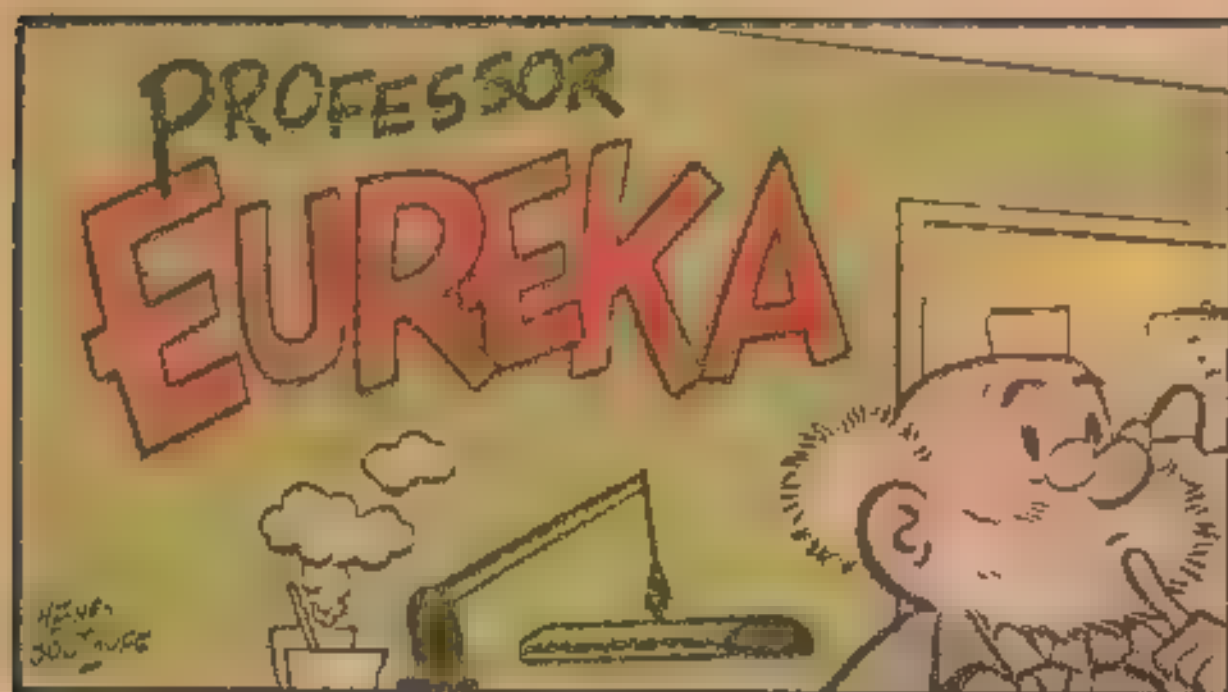
- 1 Keep clean
- 2 Don't get fatigued
- 3 Avoid new groups
- 4 Don't get chilled

A VACCINE

A safe and promising vaccine is being tested now but results will not be known until 1955.



THE NATIONAL FOUNDATION
 FOR INFANTILE PARALYSIS



SUPERMEN OF AMERICA

SUPERMAN'S SECRET MESSAGE

(Code Pluto No. 8)

GWC KIV JCG I TQNMBQUM
BQKSMB BW NZQM VLA
OWWL BQUMA IVL AMTN
KWVNQLMVKM. QN GWC
BZG JMQVO GWCZAMTN

SUPERMAN,
c/o ACTION COMICS
480 LEXINGTON AVENUE, N. Y. C. 17, N. Y

OCTOBER

Dear Superman,

Please enroll me as a Member of the SUPERMEN of AMERICA.
I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. It is understood that I am to
receive my Membership Certificate, Button and Superman Code

NAME.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY..... ZONE..... STATE.....



DEATH FROM THE SKY

Burning Pellets Burst from the Volcano, Ready to Kill All in Their Path

THE earth tremors on the small island off New Guinea where Dick Crowell and I were co-managers of the Blakeslee Rubber Plantations became more violent toward the end of May. Dick listened to the muffled rumblings, then turned to me with a grim face.

"Frank," he said, "I think we ought to get the rubber workers off the island and back to the mainland as soon as we can arrange the transportation."

Dick had seen a number of eruptions in the past, and knew all the signs.

"If you say so, Dick," I said, and went into the grass shack that served as our office. I called the mainland, and ordered a ferryboat.

The flat-bottom craft pulled in to the crude slip that same afternoon, and the workers began embarking. Dick and I supervised the operation. When they were all on, I turned to Dick.

"Are we going along, too?" I asked.

Dick cast a long and lingering glance on a distant mountain peak, out of which a thin curl of smoke snaked upwards into the blue sky. He rubbed his chin.

"I don't think it'll be coming along as soon as all that," he said. "I think there'll be plenty of time for us to pack up all the company papers, records, and so forth, before we take off."

We felt a rather severe tremor just then. I glanced at Dick.

"Suppose there isn't time?" I asked, significantly.

"Tell you what," said Dick, "Let's order a plane—better yet, a helicopter. We'll keep it parked, ready and waiting. Then, if the mountain-top blows off, we can make a fast get-away."

"Good idea," I nodded.

We went into the shack and began packing. And we kept right at it until we heard the roar of the 'copter overhead. Dick and I went out to watch the craft make a postage-stamp landing in a small area beyond the workers' quarters.

The terrific propeller wash catapulted a bird, caught in its path, 100 feet into the air. The amazed bird, regaining its own power, probably set a new speed record getting off the island.

The 'copter pilot hopped out and walked over to us. But his eyes were on the smouldering volcano.

"How soon will you be ready to leave?" he asked.

"An hour or two," said Dick. "We're finishing the packing."

But no sooner did we enter the shack than it hit—a brittle-sharp, heaving movement of the earth. The eruption came the next moment.

It was a tremendous blast. It lifted the roof right off our shack, and we barrelled out of there just before the walls caved in. Outside was a scene of sheer destruction. The blast had uprooted trees, crushed the workers' quarters.

At the same time the blast had produced a huge cloud of incandescent gas and pulverized mineral matter.

But a volcano explosion is not a single blast like a charge of T N T., or a bomb. It consists of a rapid series of rumbling explosions, and they keep getting louder and louder all the time.

I turned to look at the packing cases, but felt Dick tugging at my arm.

"Let's get out of here! Never mind those cases!" he shouted.

I could hardly hear him, for the roaring and the hissing had grown louder. The cloud, black and opaque, hung suspended over the entire landscape like an umbrella.

The three of us began racing toward the helicopter.

But it was tough going. A thick sulphurous smell, hot and dry, filled the air. It was hard to breathe.

Ten yards ahead, an enormous boulder came skyrocketing out of the sky and dug a huge crater in the ground. We skidded to a dead stop. To the left of us another boulder dug a hole into the ground, and behind us we heard the thud of still a third.

"Come on!" shouted Dick, and we followed.

It was high noon, but the thick, black cloud made it look like dusk.

I glanced at Dick, and stared. His face was as black as coal. I turned to the pilot. He, too, was no longer recognizable. I presumed that the mud-like pumice that was falling had blackened me, too.

Then it began—the raining death. I don't mean the lava that was rolling down the distant mountain sides. That was too far away

to do us any harm. And by the time it reached us, we'd be off the island.

I refer to the burning hot pellets that began coming down from the black cloud, striking like buckshot.

It sounded like hail as it struck the trees and rocks, and bouncing off our helmets. I covered my eyes, turned to Dick.

"Can they hurt?" I shouted.

"They can kill! Come on!"

We doubled our speed toward the 'copter. On the way, Dick explained that the rain wouldn't last long, but when it got hot enough, as it soon would, it would have the same effect on us as buckshot.

We reached the 'copter. Then our hearts sank. A huge falling boulder had crushed the tail end of it.

"Never get that thing off the ground," muttered the pilot.

The raining death was getting hotter and falling harder. It was the pilot who asked the question that was uppermost in all our minds:

"No place to hide?"

But one glance about us answered the question—in the negative. The shack was lying flat on the ground; so were the workers' quarters.

"If—if only we could get under something," sighed Dick. "The rain won't last more than 15 minutes! But 15 minutes exposed to that hot hail will be enough to kill us all!"

We racked our brains. And then I remembered something. I remembered how that bird, caught in the propeller wash, had been catapulted high into the air.

"Turn the 'copter motor on!" I cried.

The pilot hastened to obey. And minutes later, we sat relaxed under the spinning propeller which was repelling the pellets as they fell. The rain fell all about—except on us.

After the rain, the ferryboat came over to pick us up. The boat's skipper seemed amazed to see us alive.

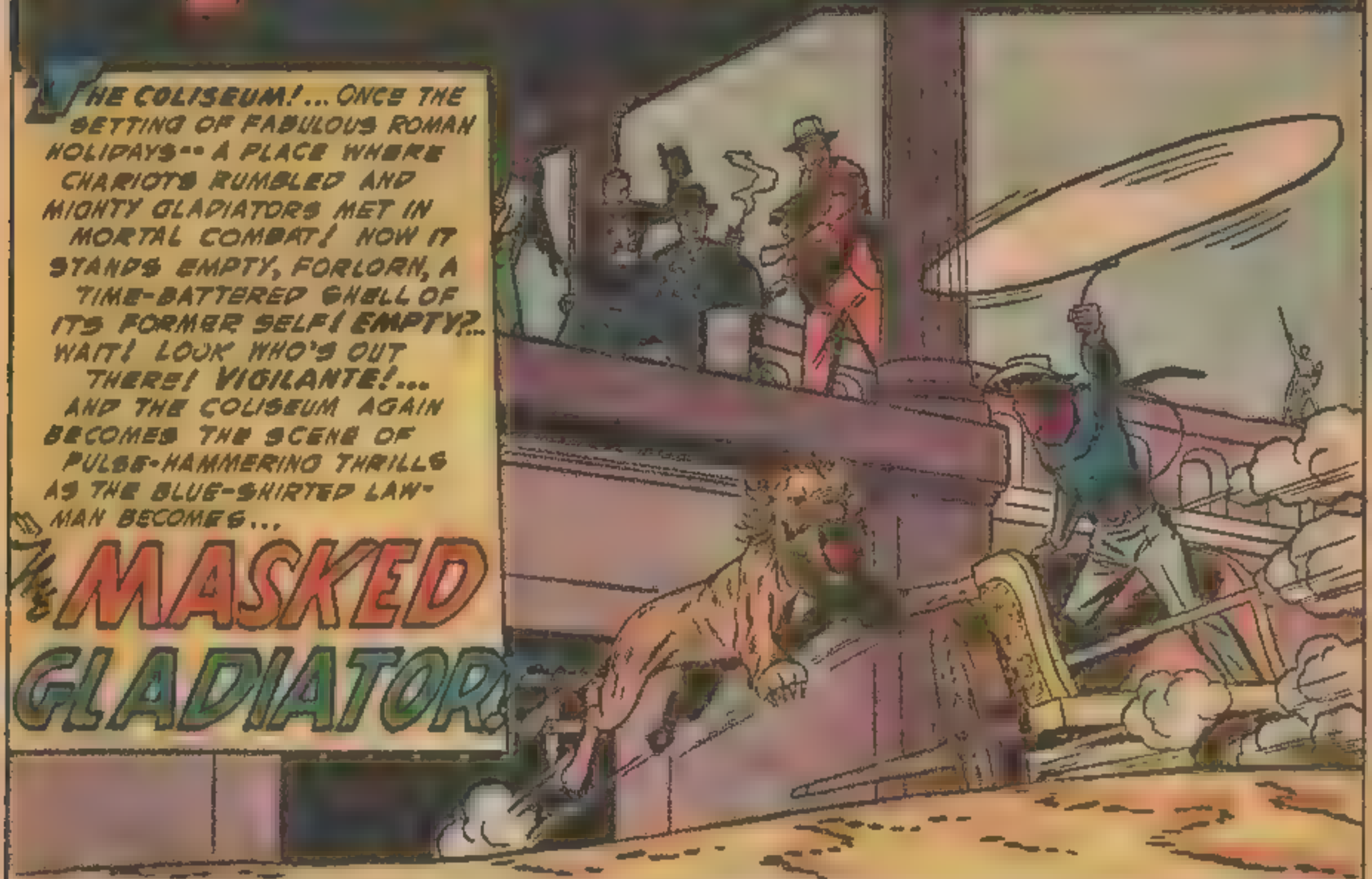
"What kept you fellows alive?" he asked.

"A bird," I said, "just a little bird."

VIGILANTE

THE COLISEUM!... ONCE THE SETTING OF FABULOUS ROMAN HOLIDAYS-- A PLACE WHERE CHARIOTS RUMBLERD AND MIGHTY GLADIATORS MET IN MORTAL COMBAT! NOW IT STANDS EMPTY, FORLORN, A TIME-BATTERED SHELL OF ITS FORMER SELF! EMPTY?... WAIT! LOOK WHO'S OUT THERE! VIGILANTE!... AND THE COLISEUM AGAIN BECOMES THE SCENE OF PULSE-HAMMERING THRILLS AS THE BLUE-SHIRTED LAW-MAN BECOMES...

MASKED GLADIATOR



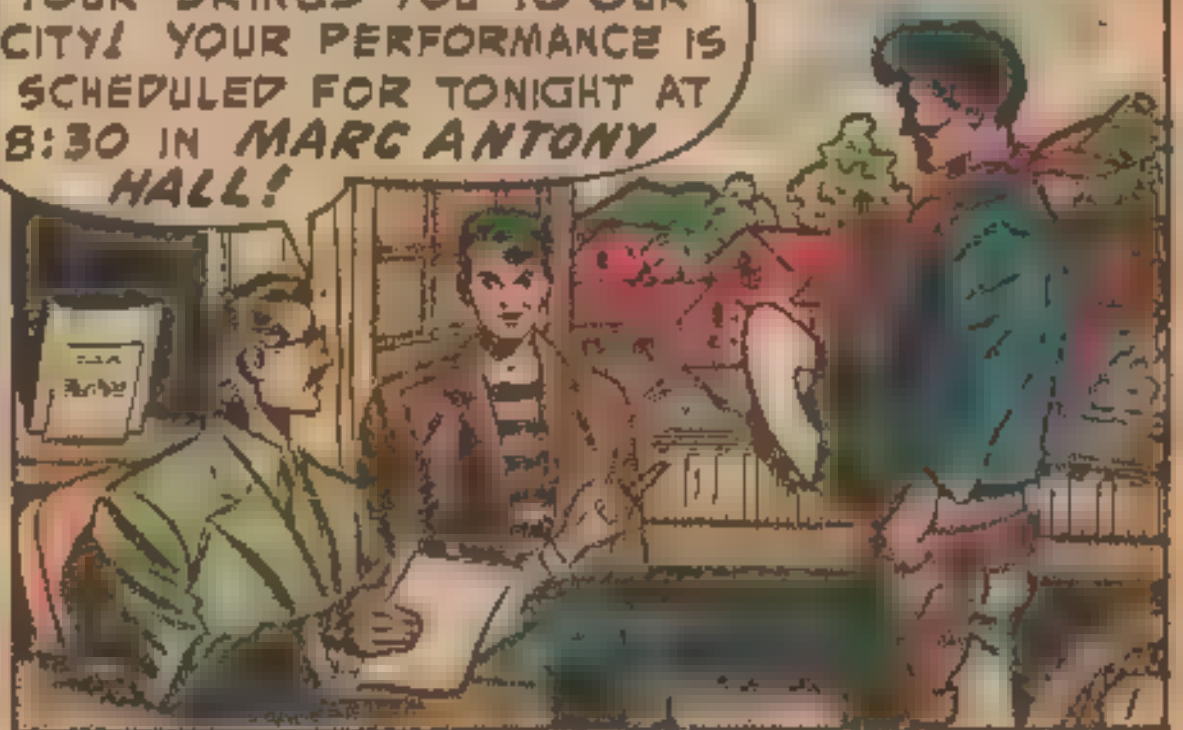
THIS IS ROME--SPRAWLING, COLORFUL CITY-- A LAND WHERE MIGHTY EMPERORS ONCE RULED...



AND TO THIS FAMOUS LAND COMES AN EQUALLY FAMOUS MAN FROM AMERICA--COWBOY CROONER GREG SANDERS AND HIS YOUNG PARTNER, STUFF...

GOOD... I'LL BE THERE IN PLENTY OF TIME!

WE ARE HONORED, SIGNOR SANDERS, THAT YOUR EUROPEAN CONCERT TOUR BRINGS YOU TO OUR CITY! YOUR PERFORMANCE IS SCHEDULED FOR TONIGHT AT 8:30 IN MARG ANTONY HALL!



AFTERWARDS, WHEN THE TWO FRIENDS ARE ALONE...

HOPE THE CONCERT SCHEDULE DOESN'T INTERFERE WITH MY OTHER JOB HERE, **STUFF!** IN MY SECRET IDENTITY OF **VIGILANTE**, I'VE PROMISED TO HELP THE ROME POLICE CAPTURE THE SANDO MOB!

YES--THE SAME GANG YOU HELPED SMASH IN THE STATES!

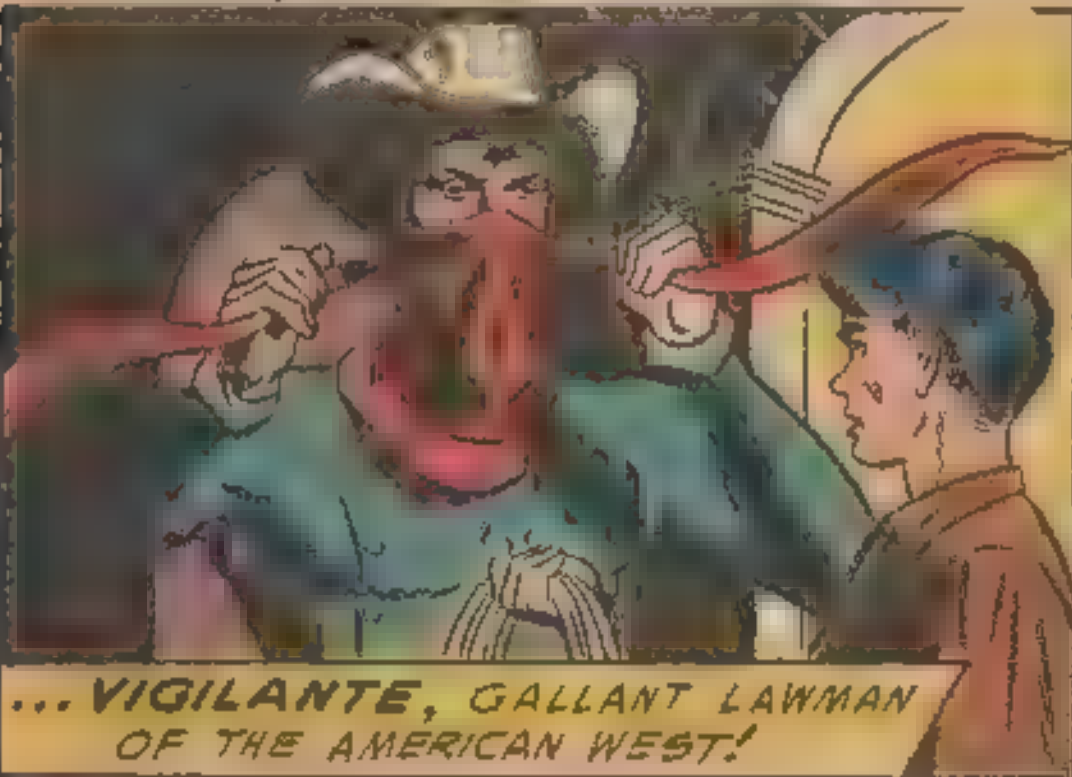
YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR GETTING SANDO DEPORTED, WEREN'T YOU, GREG?

YES--BUT HE CAME HERE AND STARTED HIS CRIMINAL OPERATIONS ALL OVER AGAIN! SINCE I'M FAMILIAR WITH HIS TECHNIQUES, I'VE PROMISED TO HELP PUT HIM BEHIND BARS AGAIN!

JUST THEN... LOOK! A BANK ROBBERY N BROAD DAYLIGHT!

WITH ALL THE EARMARKS OF A SANDO CRIME! LET'S GO, **STUFF!**

IN A SECLUDED ALLEYWAY, THE FAMED SINGER QUICKLY SWITCHES FROM HIS EVERYDAY GARMENTS TO THE COSTUME, MASK AND SIXGUNS OF...



... **VIGILANTE**, GALLANT LAWMAN OF THE AMERICAN WEST!

NEXT MOMENT...

I'LL TACKLE THOSE HOMBRES NOW, **STUFF!** WHILE YOU GO FOR THE POLICE!

R.GHT, **VIG!**



AND INSIDE THE BANK...

JUST AS I FIGURED... SANDO!

VIGILANTE?... HERE IN ROME? IMPOSSIBLE!



A SINGLE BULLET GRAZES **VIGILANTE'S** HEAD, AND...

HE'S DROPPING! C'MON... WE'LL FINISH HIM!

NO, OAF! CARRY HIM OUT TO THE CAR-- AND MAKE IT SNAPPY!



IT IS MUCH LATER WHEN THE DEPUTY OF JUSTICE AWAKENS IN A GLOOMY CELL...

HA, HA... I CAN'T THINK OF A MORE ENJOYABLE WAY TO FIND OUT **VIGILANTE'S** SECRET IDENTITY, BOSS!

YES -- AND THE MAN WHO REMOVES THAT MASK PAYS \$20,000 FOR THE PRIVILEGE!

HLH--?

BUT WE SHOULDN'T KEEP **VIGILANTE** GUESSING AS TO WHAT'S GOING ON! THERE ARE A LOT OF B.G.-T.M.E. CROOKS IN EUROPE, ALL OF WHOM YOU HELPED DEPORT FROM THE STATES!

THEY'VE ALL BEEN TOLD OF YOUR CAPTURE-- AND THEY'LL BE HERE TO WATCH AN AMAZING SHOW! YOU SEE, **VIGILANTE**, YOU'RE IN A CELL IN THE ANCIENT COLISEUM!

TH--THE COLISEUM?



EXACTLY... AND WHEN THE BOYS ARRIVE, IT'S GOING TO BE LIKE OLD ROMAN DAYS WITH **YOU** IN THE ARENA! HA, HA... AND WHAT A PROGRAM OF EVENTS WE'LL HAVE!

EACH GANG BOSS PAYS ME 10-GRAND TO NAME ANY EVENT HE WANTS TO PUT YOU THROUGH! THE BIG PAYOFF, THOUGH, WILL BE THE 20-GRAND PRIZE... **THE REMOVING OF YOUR MASK!**



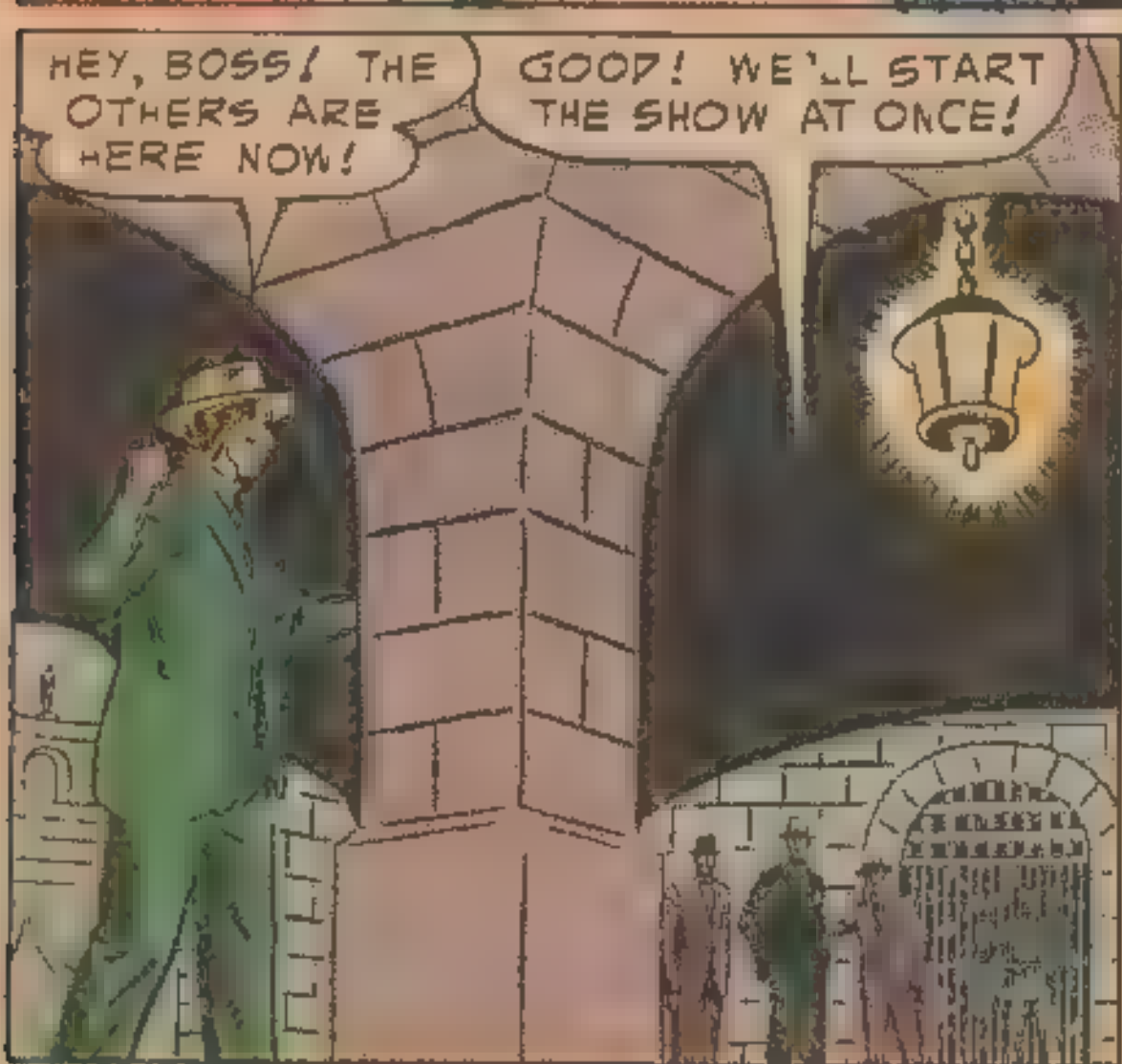
HEY, BOSS! THE OTHERS ARE HERE NOW!

GOOD! WE'LL START THE SHOW AT ONCE!

MINUTES LATER, IN THE ARENA...

RICKI MANTOS...
RAGSO HARRINGTON...
FRENCHIE LAFARGE...
ALL THE OLD GANG!
SHAKE, BOYS!

HEY! THIS PLACE LOOKS LIKE REAL OLD ROME TO ME! HOW'D YOU FIX IT UP, SANDO?



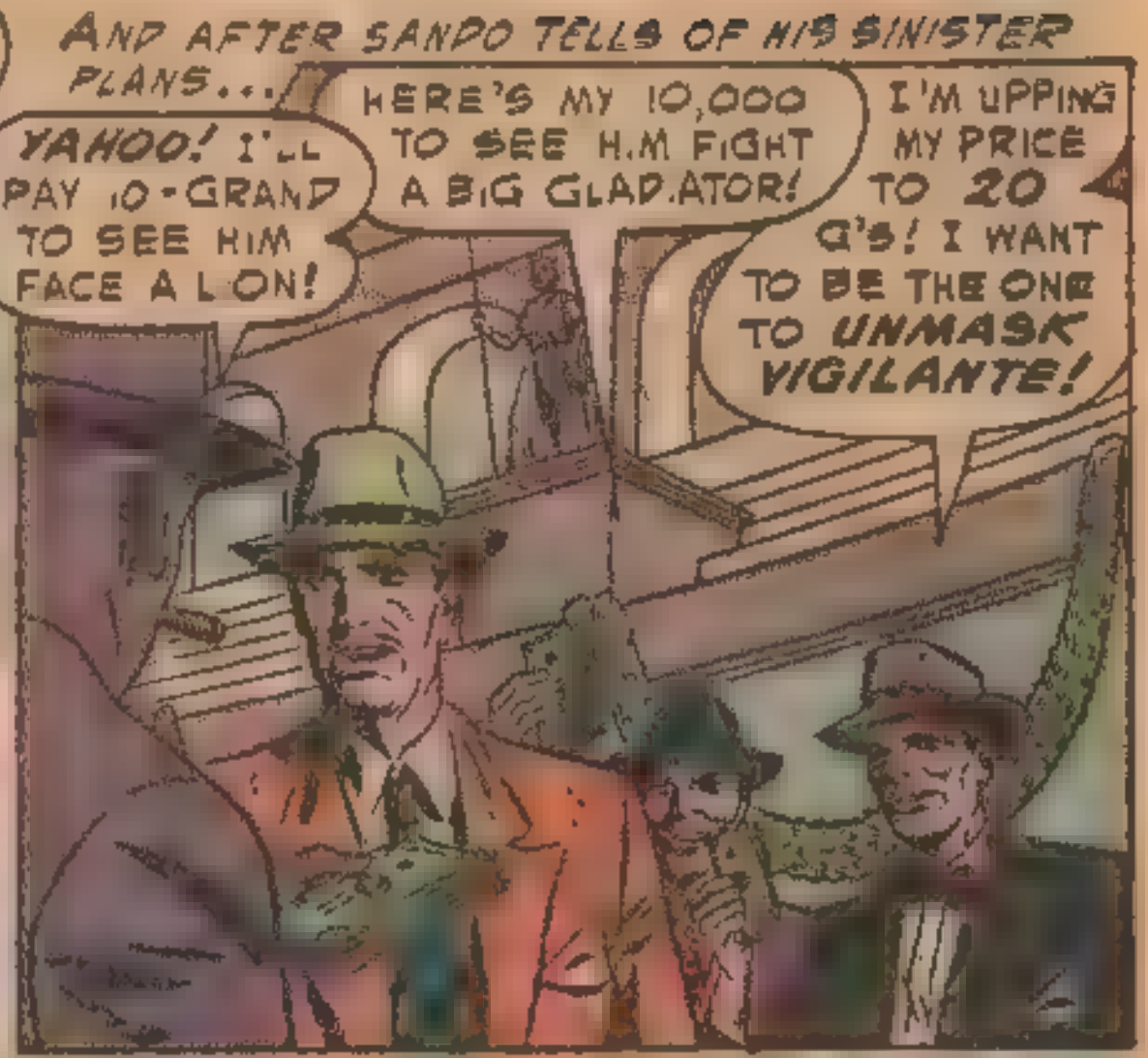


ACTION COMICS



I DIDN'T DECORATE THE JOINT! THEY MADE A MOVIE OUT HERE ABOUT A WEEK AGO--AND THESE ARE SOME OF THE PROPS THAT HAVEN'T BEEN REMOVED YET! NOW I'LL EXPLAIN ABOUT **VIGILANTE!**

HAW! TH'S I GOTTA HEAR!



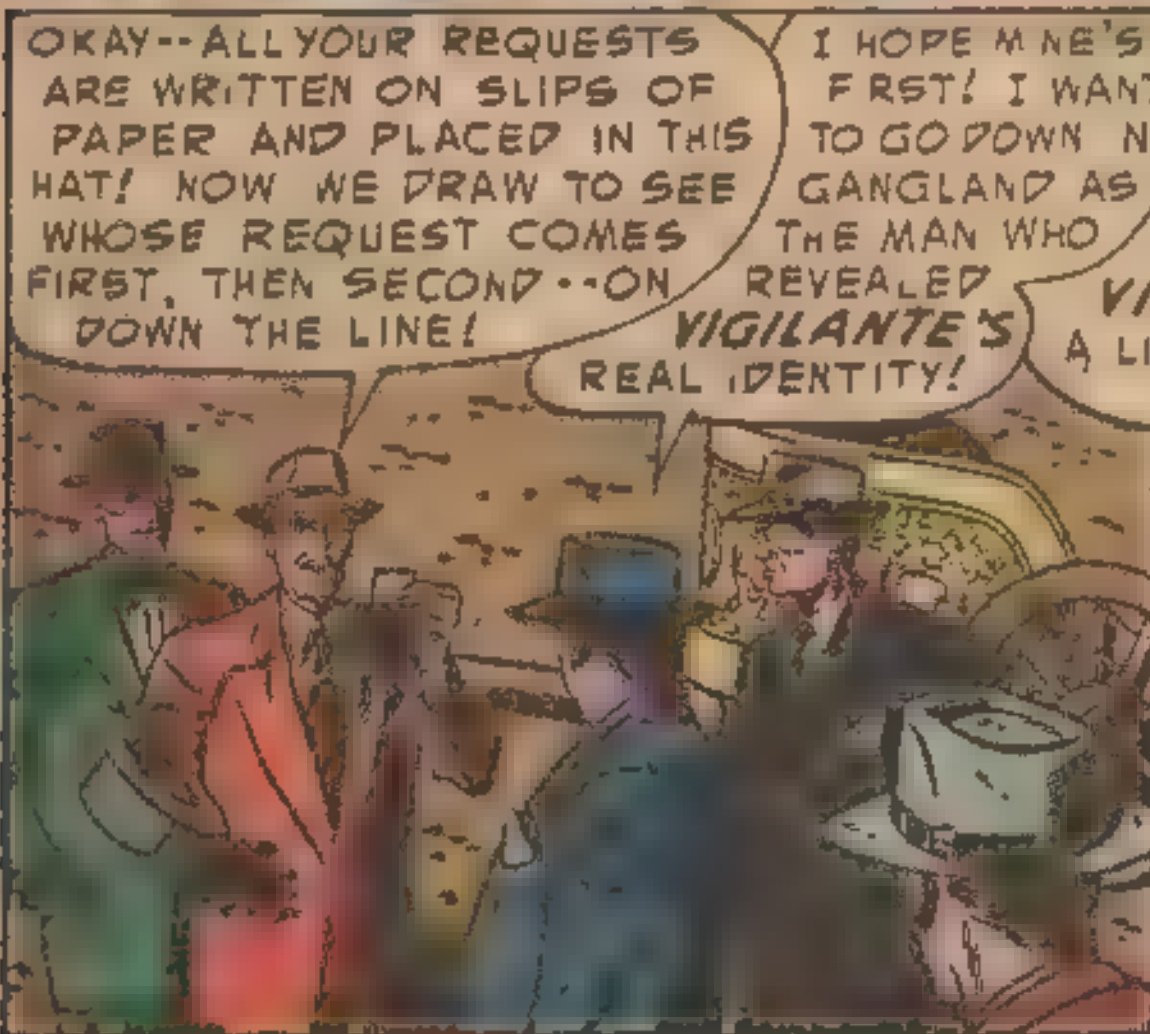
AND AFTER SANDO TELLS OF HIS SINISTER PLANS...

YAHOO! I'LL PAY 10-GRAND TO SEE HIM FACE A LON!

HERE'S MY 10,000 TO SEE H.M FIGHT A BIG GLADIATOR!

I'M UPPING MY PRICE TO 20

Q'S! I WANT TO BE THE ONE TO **UNMASK VIGILANTE!**

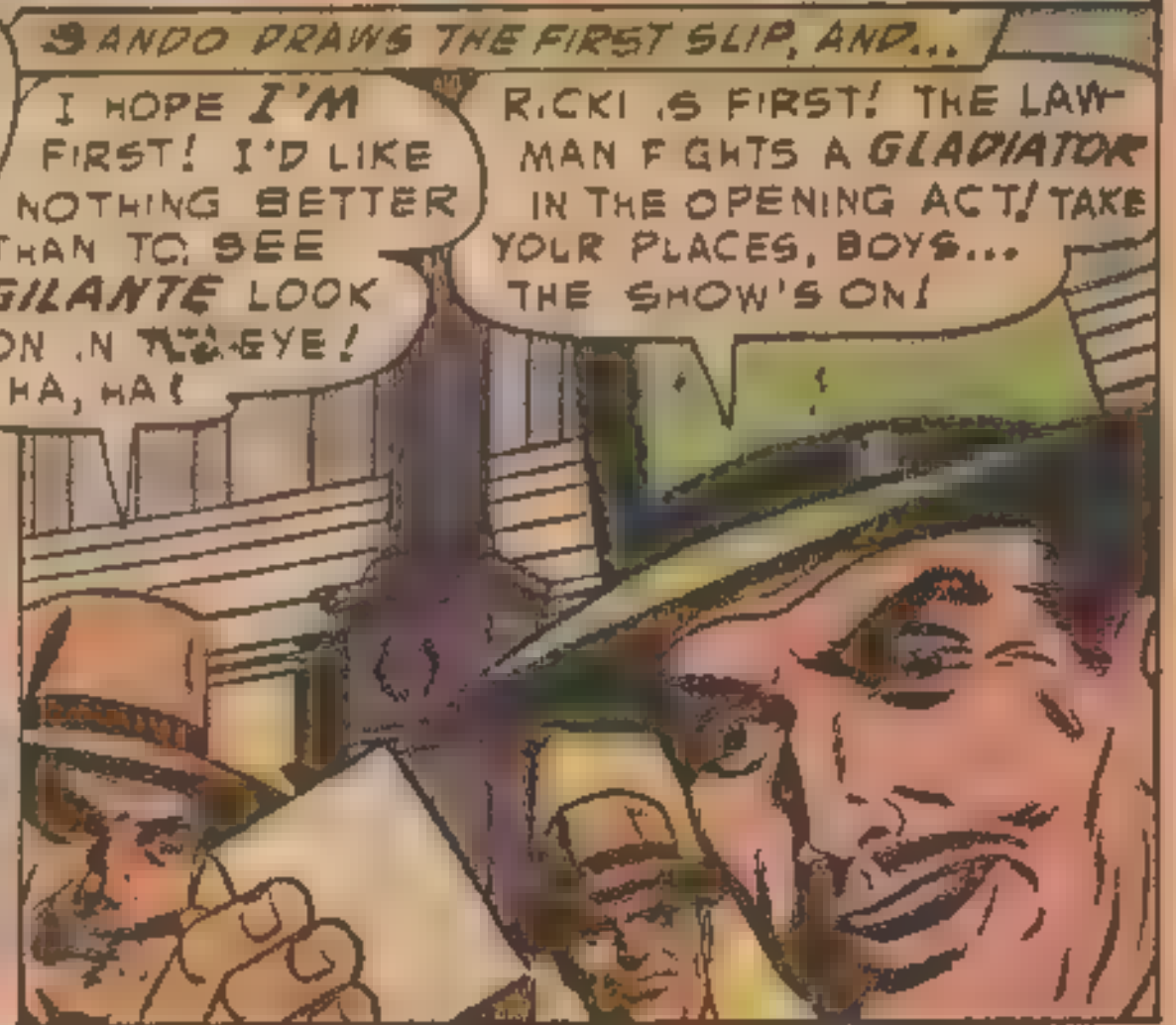


OKAY--ALL YOUR REQUESTS ARE WRITTEN ON SLIPS OF PAPER AND PLACED IN THIS HAT! NOW WE DRAW TO SEE WHOSE REQUEST COMES FIRST, THEN SECOND--ON DOWN THE LINE!

I HOPE M NE'S FRST! I WANT TO GO DOWN N GANGLAND AS THE MAN WHO REVEALED **VIGILANTE'S** REAL IDENTITY!

I HOPE I'M FIRST! I'D LIKE NOTHING BETTER THAN TO SEE **VIGILANTE** LOOK A LION IN THE EYE! HA, HA!

RICKI IS FIRST! THE LAW-MAN FIGHTS A **GLADIATOR** IN THE OPENING ACT! TAKE YOUR PLACES, BOYS... THE SHOW'S ON!

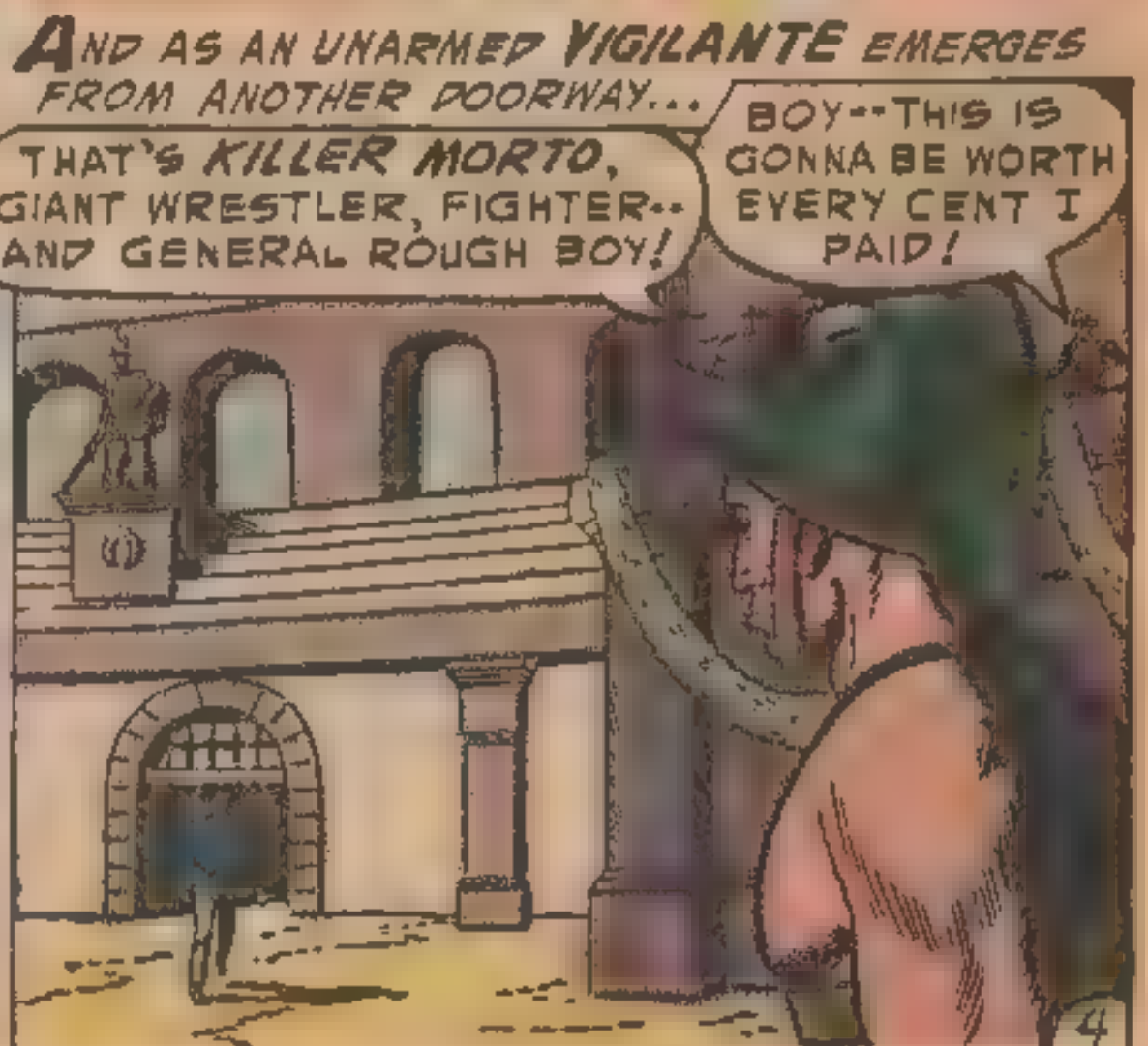


SANDO DRAWS THE FIRST SLIP, AND...



HEY! GET A LOAD O' THIS... NERO'S SPECIAL BOX SEAT!

AN' LOOK OUT THERE IN THE ARENA! WHO'S THAT GIANT?



AND AS AN UNARMED **VIGILANTE** EMERGES FROM ANOTHER DOORWAY...

THAT'S **KILLER MORTO**, GIANT WRESTLER, FIGHTER--AND GENERAL ROUGH BOY!

BOY--THIS IS GONNA BE WORTH EVERY CENT I PAID!



ACTION COMICS



WTH THE AWESOME NET AND TRIDENT IN HAND, KILLER MORTO STALKS TOWARD HIS SEEMINGLY HELPLESS VICTIM, REMINISCENT OF A SCENE CENTURIES OLD...

C'MON, MORTO-- TAKE HIM! SNARE HIM IN THE NET AND LET HIM HAVE IT!

ALL R.GHT, COWBOY-- LET'S GET THIS OVER WITH FAST!



THE GIANT LUNGES, FLINGING HIS NET TOWARD THE LAM MAN...

YEAH- WE GET IT OVER WITH REAL FAST!



BUT THE NET SETTLES OVER EMPTINESS, AS THE PLUCKY VIGILANTE ROLLS CLEAR...

NOW .. HUH?

HA, HA... YOU GOT HIM SCARED! C'MON, FINISH THE JOB, MORTO!



QUICKLY, VIGILANTE LEAPS TO HIS FEET-- AND ON UP TOWARD ONE OF THE GARLANDED ROPES...

I'LL GET YOU!



ABRUPTLY...



DROPPING TO THE GROUND, VIGILANTE GRABS HIS OPPONENT'S NET, AND...

WE'LL WRAP YOU UP IN A HURRY!



A MOMENT LATER...

BAH! JUST LUCKY-- THAT'S ALL!

SOME 'KILLER,' THAT MORTO! HE LOOKED LIKE A BIG SLUG TO ME! EVEN I COULD'VE DONE A BETTER JOB!



THEN, AS SANDO DRAWS ANOTHER SLIP FROM THE HAT...

IT'S GOT TO BE MY TURN THIS TIME! THIS IS WHERE I UNMASK HIM!

NO-- NOT YET! THIS TIME IT'S THE **LION FIGHT!** OUR 'GLADIATOR' MUST FACE A HUNGRY LION-- UNARMED!



BELOW, AT THE OTHER END OF THE ARENA, A CAGE OPENS-- AND FROM IT STEPS A SNARLING, THICK-MANED LION...

SIC HIM, LEO! HE CAN'T TOSS YOU AROUND LIKE HE DID MORTO!



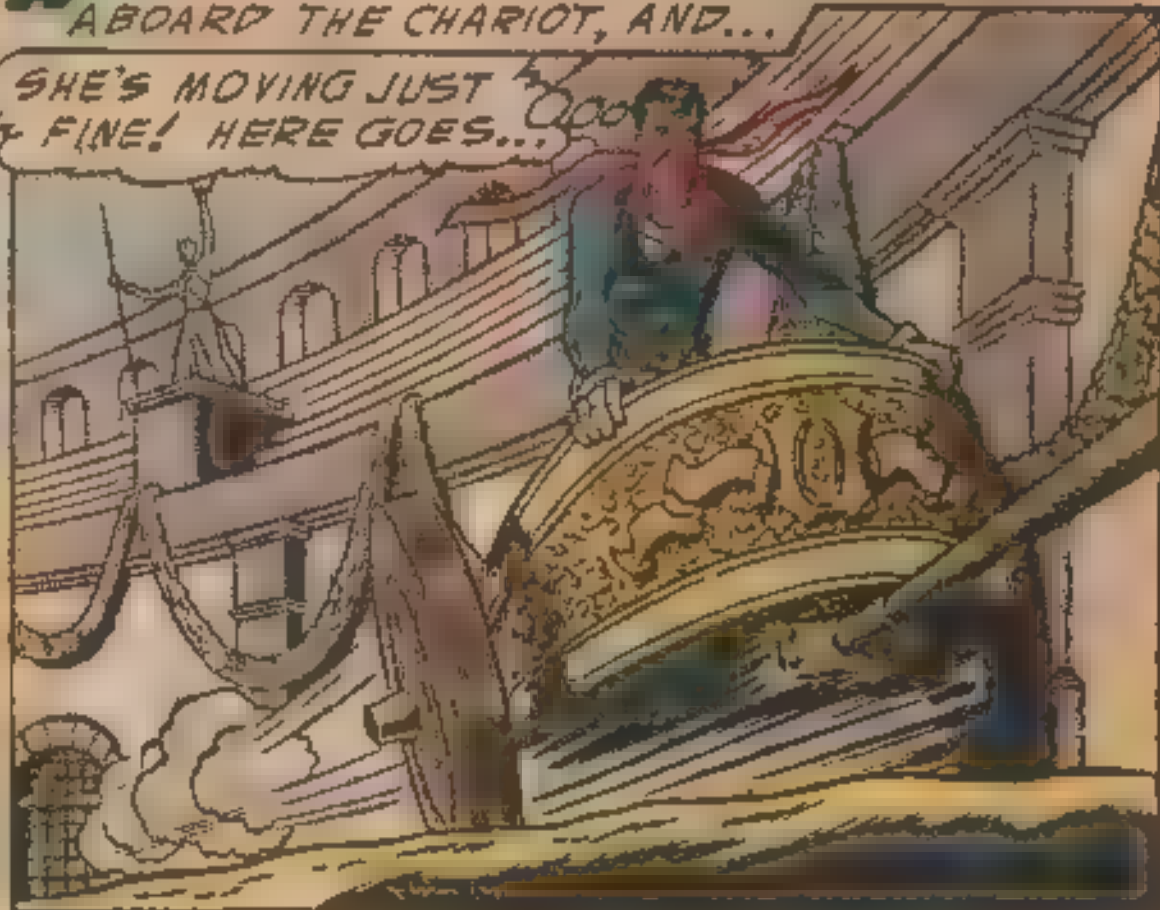
FANGS BARED, THE KING OF BEASTS FIRST STALKS SLOWLY TOWARD THE PUNY MAN...

THAT BOY WON'T BE EASY TO HANDLE! THIS CHARIOT GIVES ME AN IDEA, THOUGH... AND IT'D BETTER WORK!

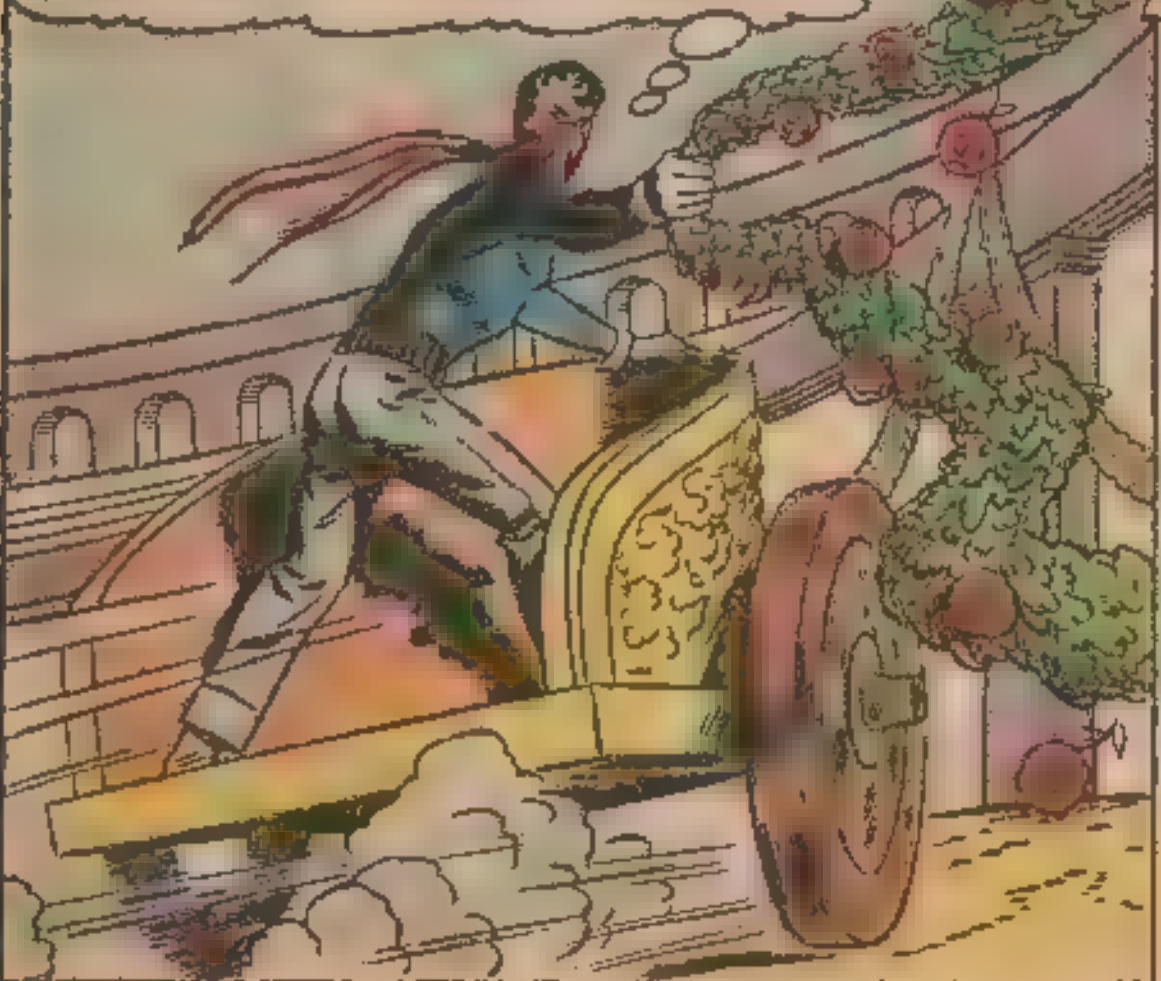


WITH A MIGHTY SHOVE, VIGILANTE LEAPS ABOARD THE CHARIOT, AND...

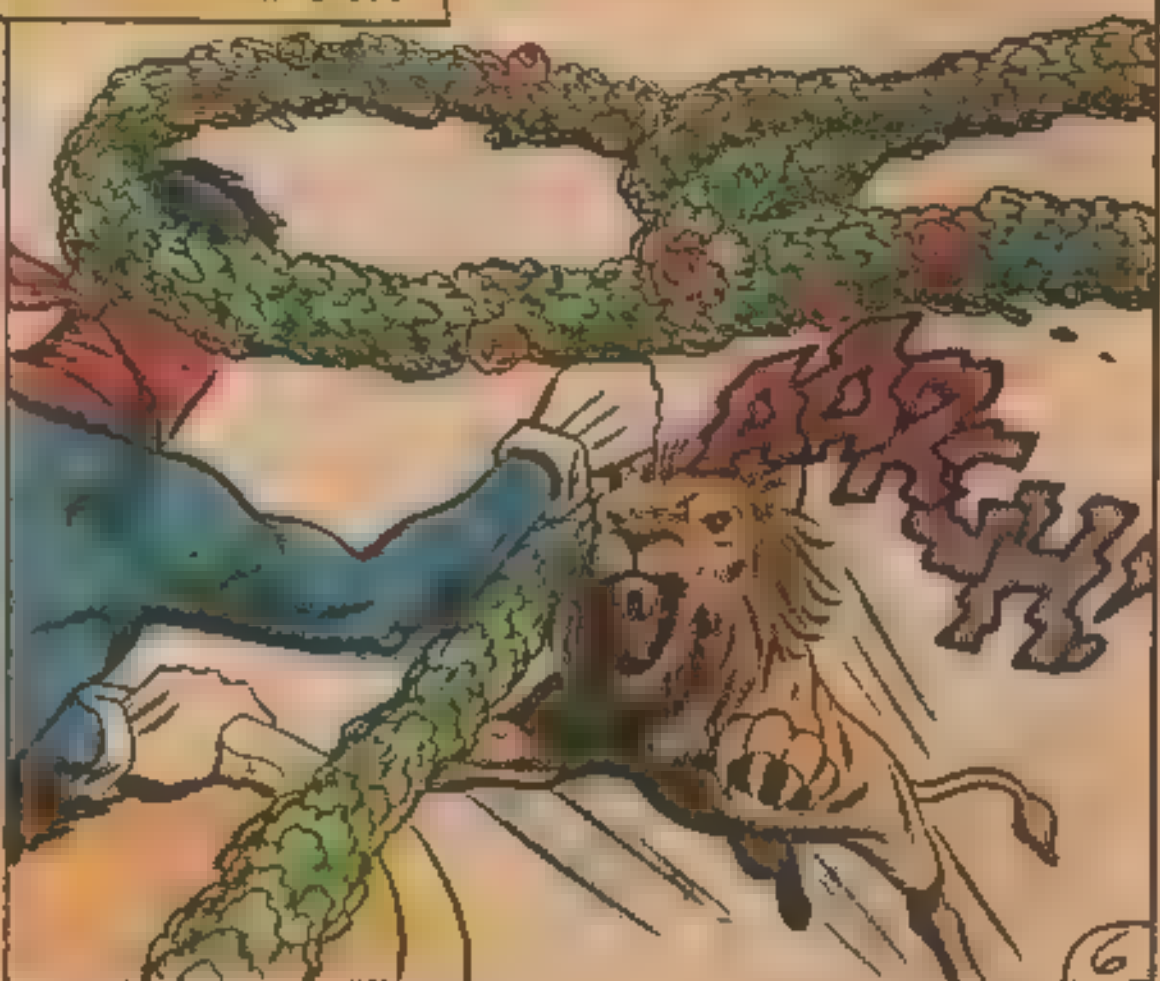
SHE'S MOVING JUST FINE! HERE GOES...



FIRST TO MAKE MYSELF A LASSO FROM ONE OF THESE ROPES...



HASTILY, A LARIAT IS FORMED, JUST AS THE LION RACES TOWARD THE ROLLING CHARIOT AND LEAPS...





ACTION COMICS

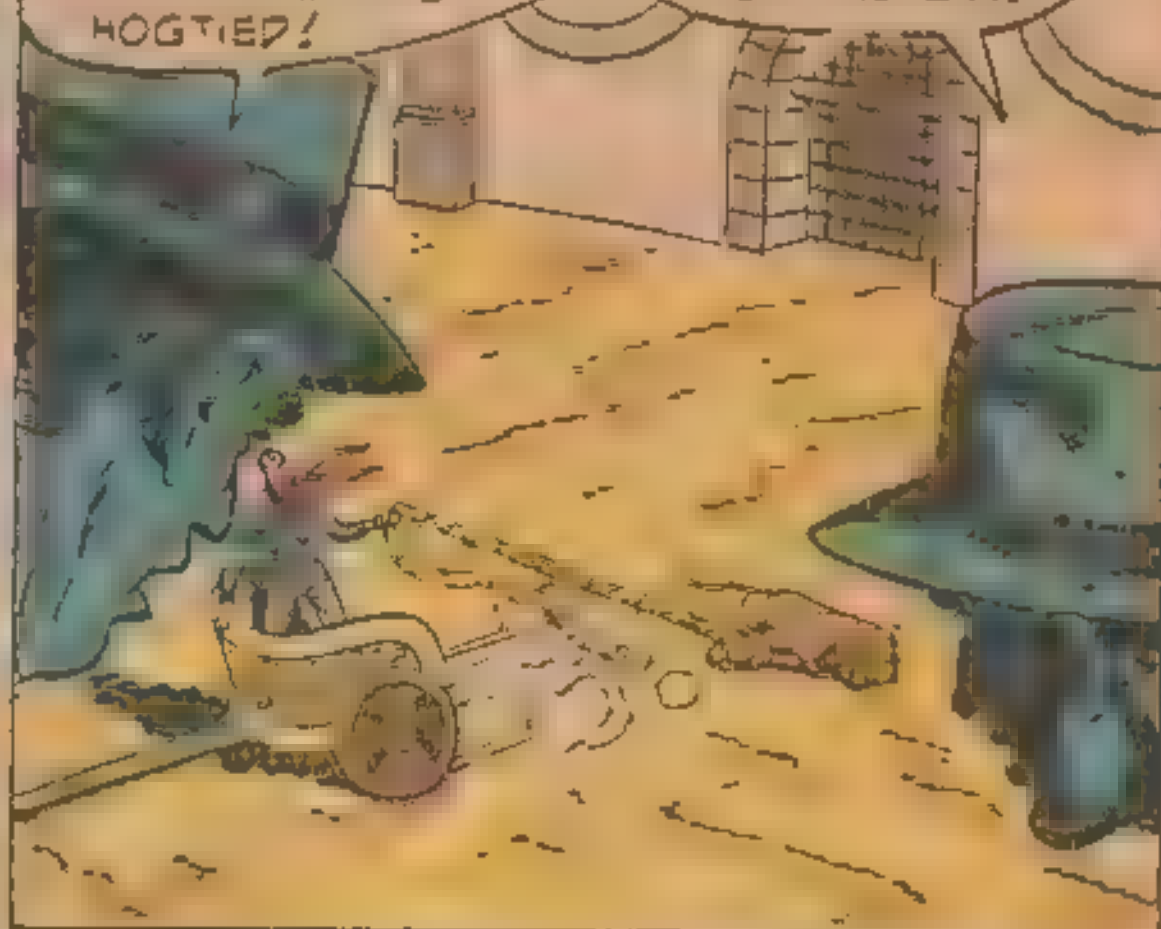


BUT IN THAT VERY SAME INSTANT, THE LAR AT WHISTLES TOWARD ITS MARK!



LOOK AT THAT! HE EVEN BEAT THE LION! HE'S GOT THE ANIMAL HOGTIED!

FORGET IT! LET'S GET ON TO THE NEXT EVENT!

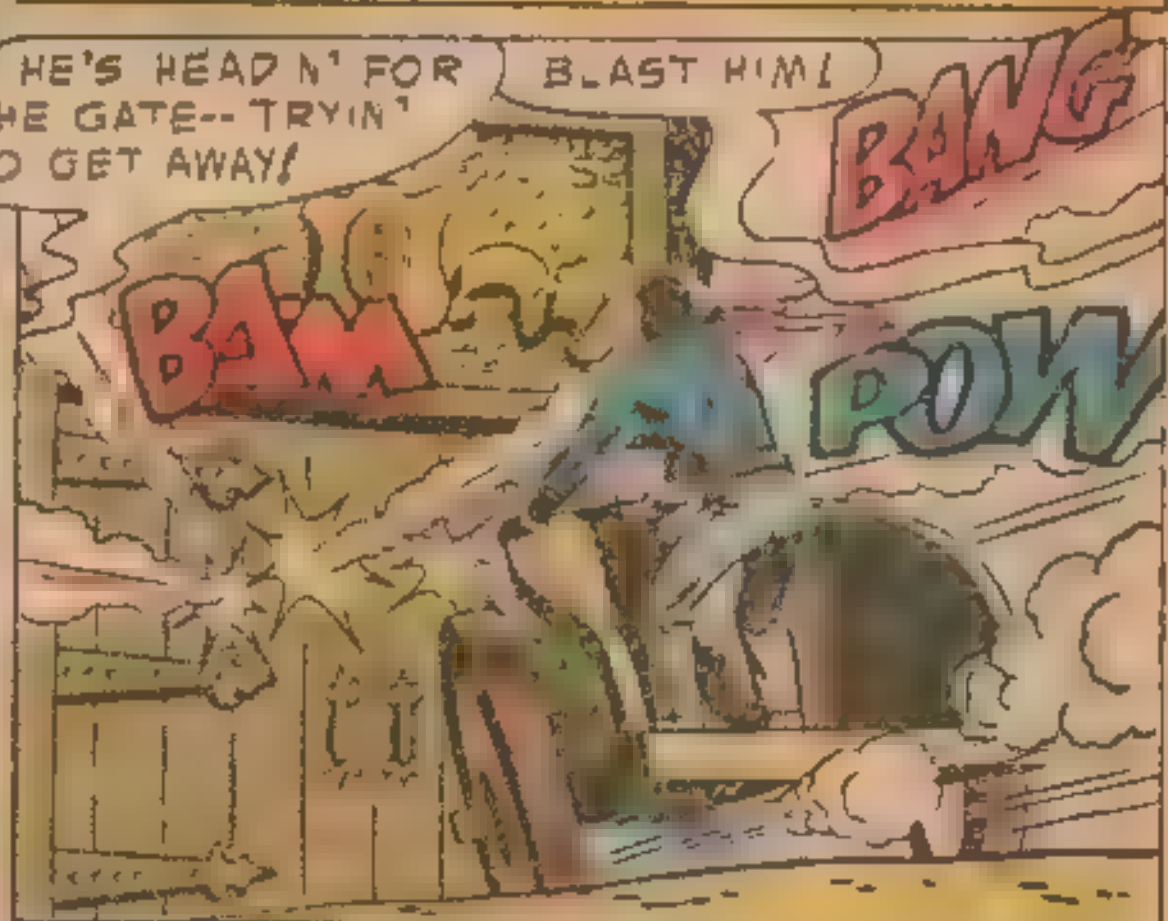


AH-- THE BIG MOMENT NOW! NEXT IS THE UNMASKING!

THAT'S MY JOB! NO-- WAIT! LOOK OUT THERE IN THE ARENA!

HE'S HEAD N' FOR THE GATE-- TRYIN' TO GET AWAY!

BLAST HIM!

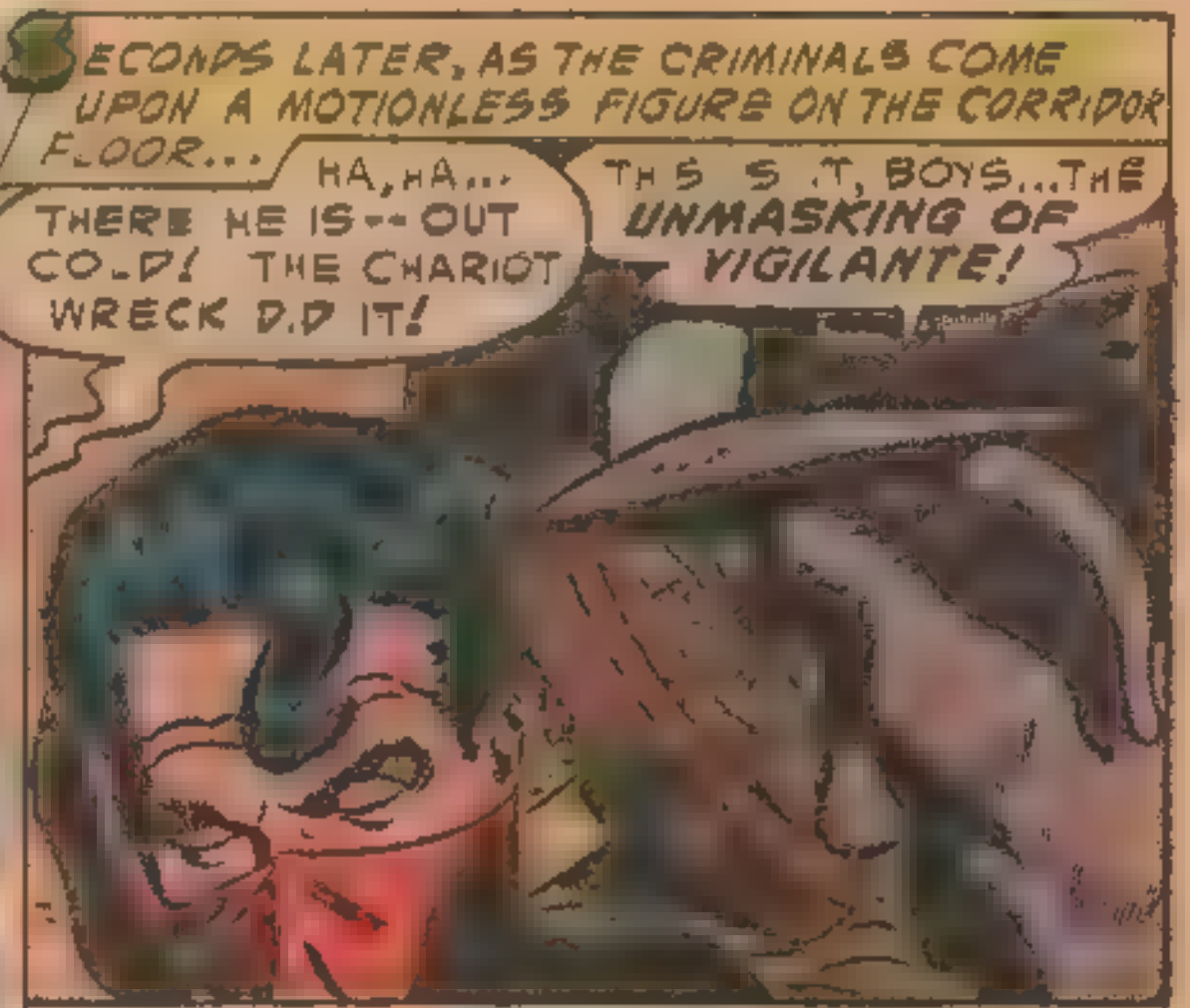


CRASHING INTO THE E T DOOR, THE CHARIOT RUMBLES ON THROUGH...



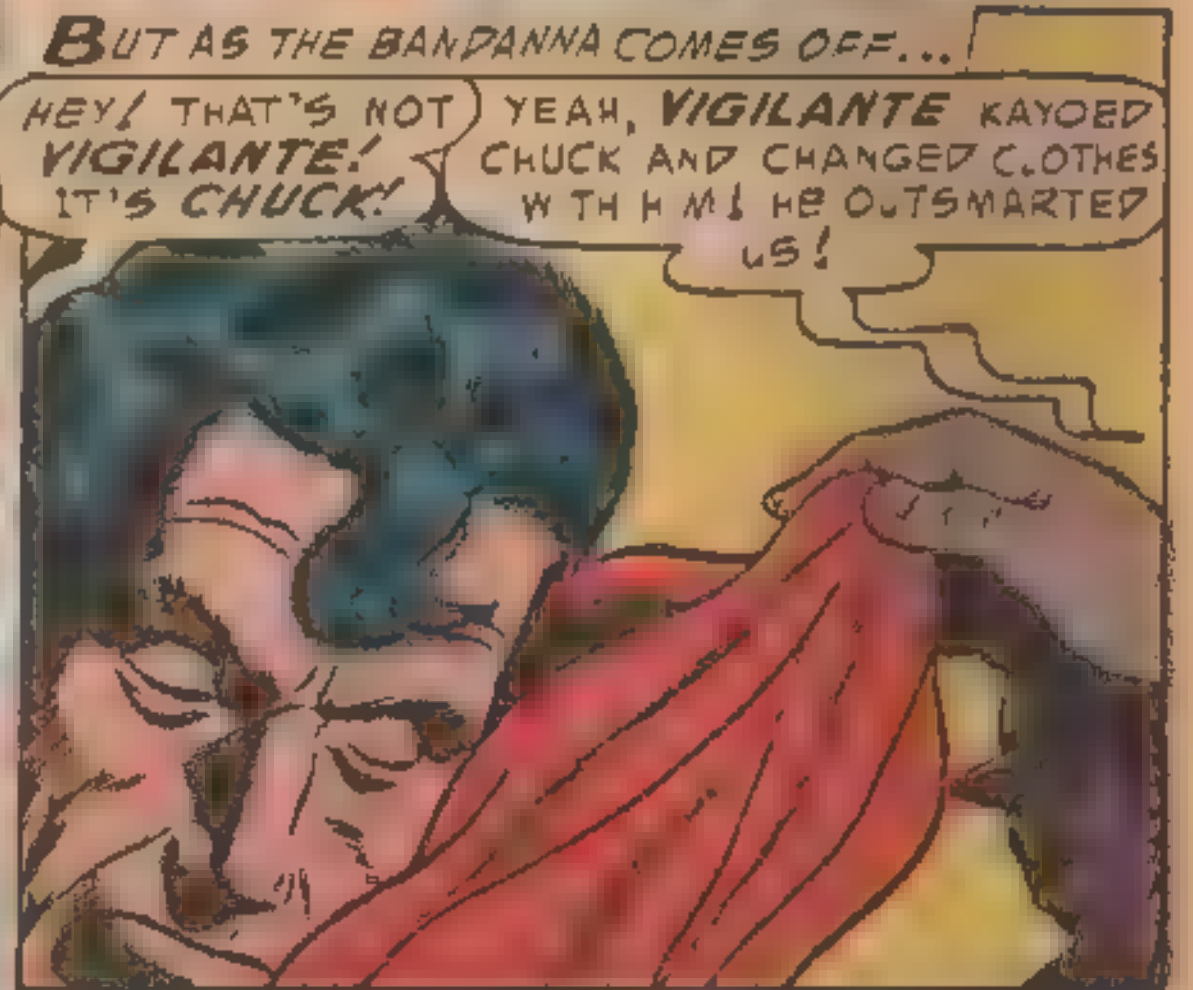


DON'T WORRY... CHUCK AND THE BOYS ARE IN THE CORRIDOR! THEY'LL HEAD HIM OFF!

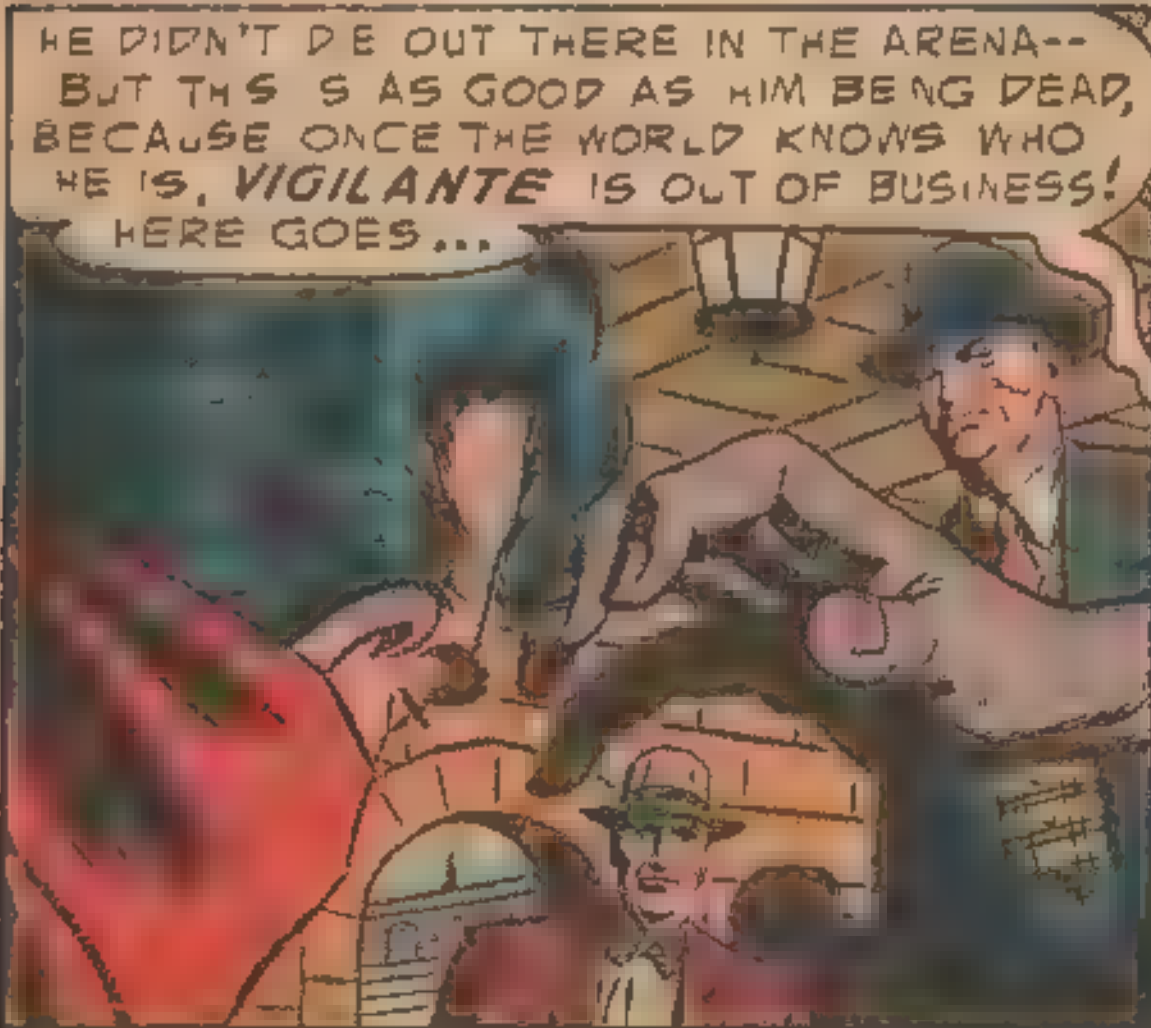


SECONDS LATER, AS THE CRIMINALS COME UPON A MOTIONLESS FIGURE ON THE CORRIDOR FLOOR... HA, HA... THERE HE IS-- OUT COLD! THE CHARIOT WRECK DID IT!

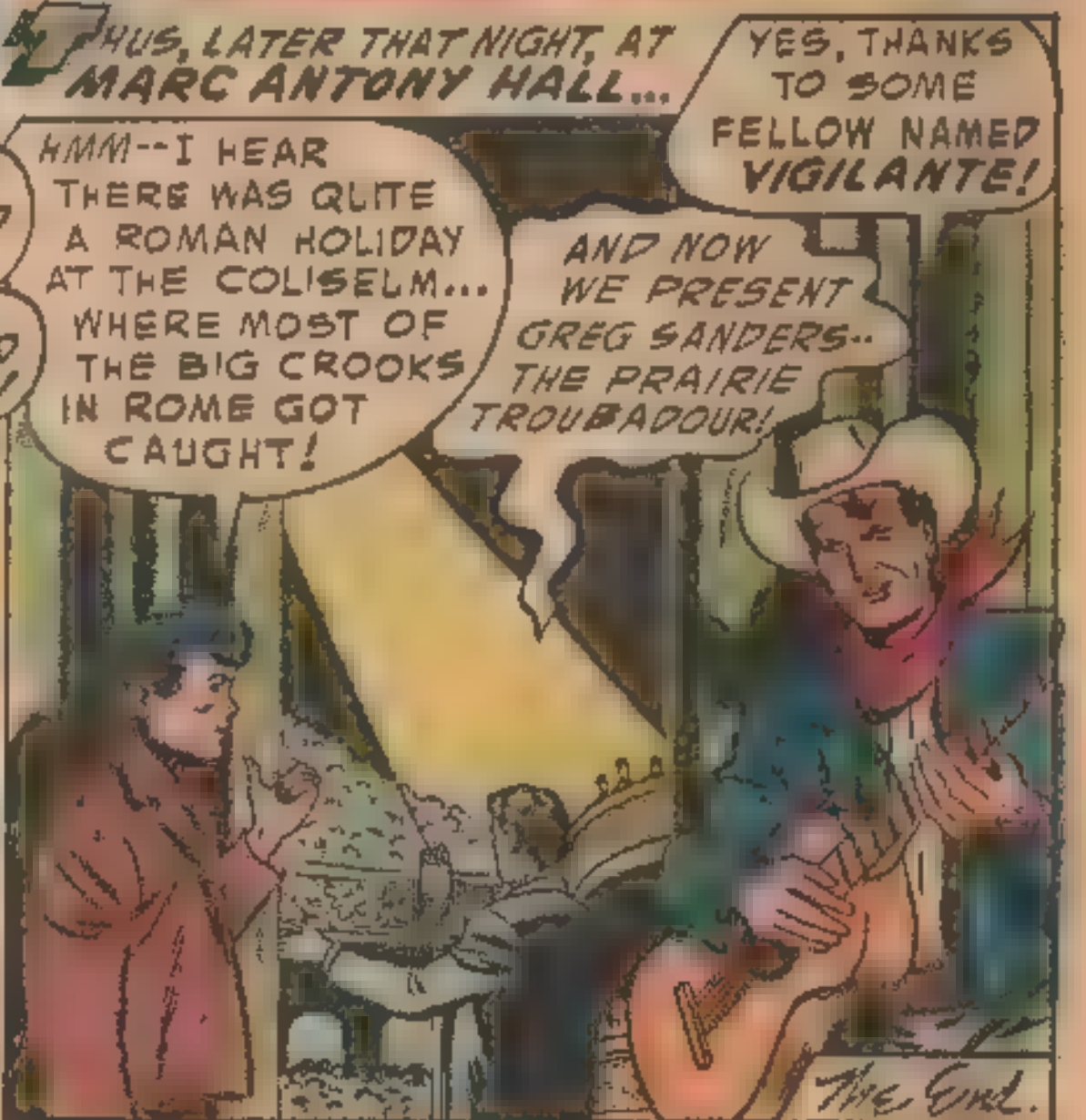
THIS S.T. BOYS... THE UNMASKING OF VIGILANTE!



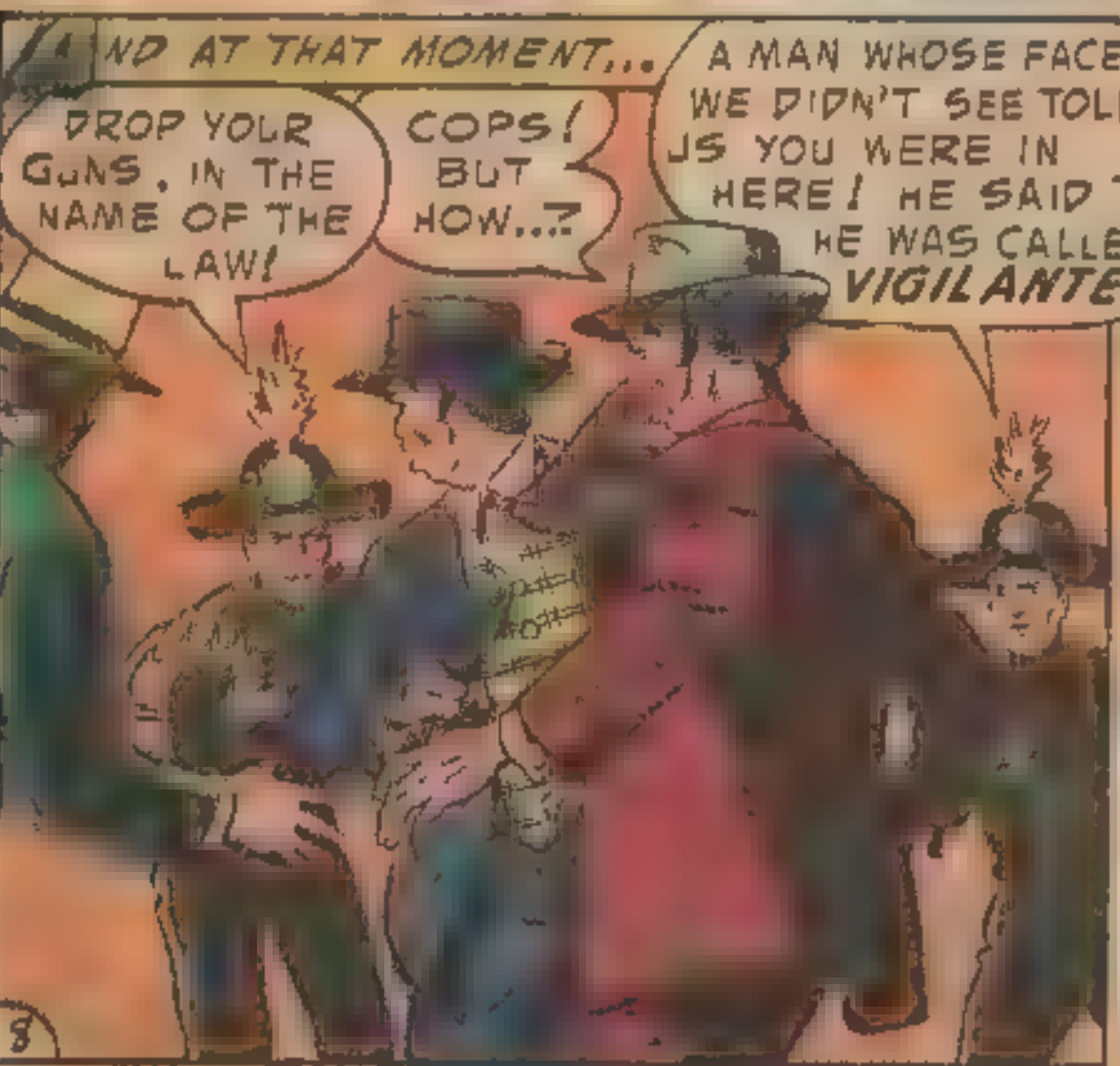
BUT AS THE BANDANNA COMES OFF... HEY! THAT'S NOT VIGILANTE! IT'S CHUCK! YEAH, VIGILANTE KAYOED CHUCK AND CHANGED CLOTHES WITH HIM! HE OUTSMARTED US!



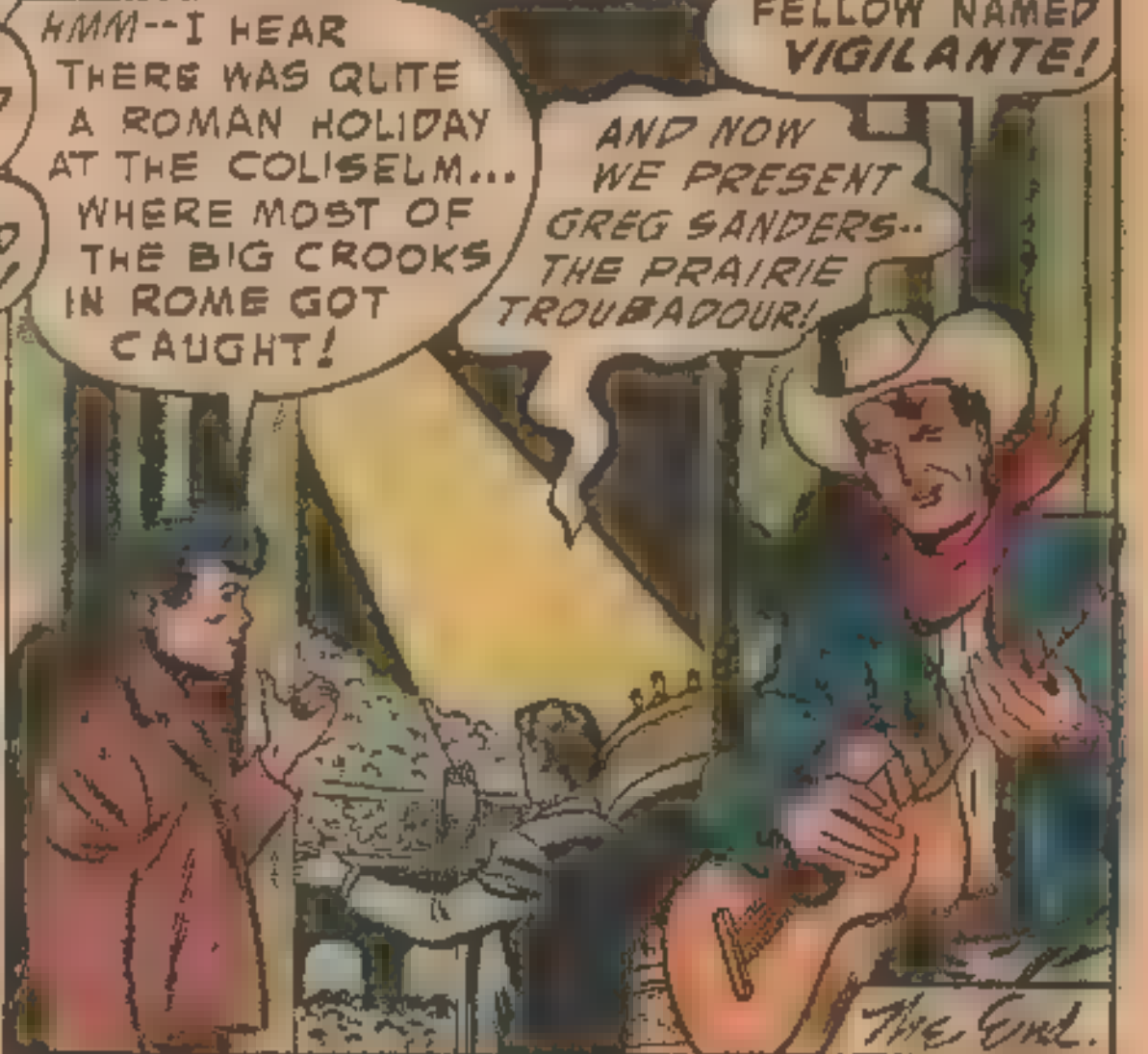
HE DIDN'T DIE OUT THERE IN THE ARENA-- BUT THIS IS AS GOOD AS HIM BEING DEAD, BECAUSE ONCE THE WORLD KNOWS WHO HE IS, VIGILANTE IS OUT OF BUSINESS! HERE GOES...



THUS, LATER THAT NIGHT, AT MARC ANTONY HALL... YES, THANKS TO SOME FELLOW NAMED VIGILANTE! AND NOW WE PRESENT GREG SANDERS... THE PRAIRIE TROUBADOUR!



AND AT THAT MOMENT... A MAN WHOSE FACE WE DIDN'T SEE TOLD US YOU WERE IN HERE! HE SAID HE WAS CALLED VIGILANTE! DROP YOUR GUNS, IN THE NAME OF THE LAW! COPS! BUT HOW...?



HMM--I HEAR THERE WAS QUITE A ROMAN HOLIDAY AT THE COLISEUM... WHERE MOST OF THE BIG CROOKS IN ROME GOT CAUGHT!

Join **CONGO BILL** *and* **JANU** *The* **Jungle Boy**

**IN BRAND-NEW
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You'll thrill with them
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companion of the wilds
brave --

- ... **THE FIERCE FANGS
OF ROARING LIONS!**
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OF SNARLING TIGERS!**
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OF TRAMPLING
ELEPHANTS!**
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OF TREACHEROUS
QUICKSAND!**
- ... **AND THE MENACING
GUNS OF RUTHLESS
VILLAINS!**

**BE SURE TO GET YOUR COPY *Now*
AT YOUR FAVORITE NEWSSTAND!**



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FOR ONLY

These
stunning
21
CHRISTMAS
CARDS

YOU WON'T BE ASKED
TO RETURN THEM—
THEY'RE REALLY YOURS
WHEN YOU MAIL
COUPON BELOW

JUST TO PROVE HOW A FEW SPARE HOURS CAN
EARN \$50.00 IN CASH!

Never before a "get-acquainted" offer to match this! We want to prove you'll find it easy as pie to take orders for exquisitely-designed CHRISTMAS CARDS. And also show how quickly you can make \$50.00 in cash profit — and even more — just by spending a few hours now and then taking orders from your friends, neighbors and others. So here's the astonishing offer we're making.

Fill out and mail the coupon below! We'll promptly send you this beautiful new box of Christmas Greeting Cards as illustrated. Yes, JUST ONE SINGLE PENNY is all you pay for 21 beautiful cards and envelopes that would usually retail at \$2 to \$3 if bought separately.

YOURS TO SHOW FRIENDS AND OTHERS — AND ALL YOU OWE IS JUST 1¢

The reason we're making this unheard-of 1¢ Offer is to make more people familiar with our money-making plan. Once you see these cards and behold their true beauty, we're sure you'll say to yourself, "Those cards will sell like wildfire. Every family I know will want to buy cards from me. I'm going to use my spare time to make lots of extra-spending money by showing them and taking profitable orders!" Just to prove it, we're willing to give you one box for a penny.

ONLY ONE TO A FAMILY! LIMITED OFFER!

Naturally, this offer is strictly limited and includes additional Greeting Card Assortments ON APPROVAL, together with complete MONEY-MAKING PLAN and FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. But you must hurry—offer may not be repeated.

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.
561 Way Street, Elmira, New York
In Canada, write 105 Simco St., Toronto 1, Ont.

Guaranteed by
Good Housekeeping
as NOT AN ADVERTISING TRICK

PASTE COUPON ON POSTCARD — MAIL TODAY!

ARTISTIC CARD CO., INC.
561 Way St., Elmira, N. Y.

I accept your wonderful offer. Send your sample assortments ON APPROVAL, plus ONE BOX OF CHRISTMAS CARDS for which I owe you the special introductory price of only 1¢. Also include FREE Personalized Imprint Samples. I'm sincerely interested in making money in spare time.

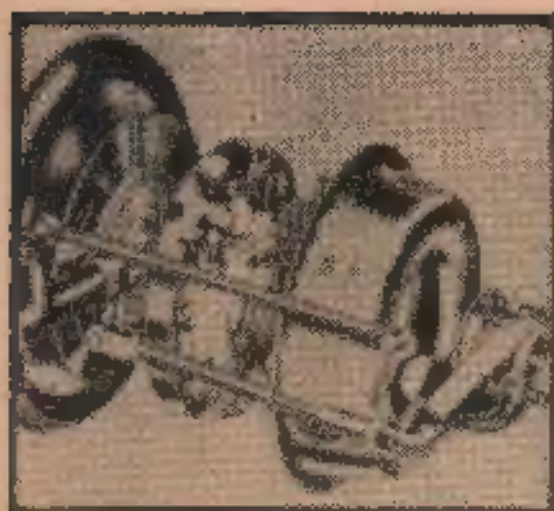
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YOUR GROUP!**
Ask for Special
Plans that show
you how to raise
money for your
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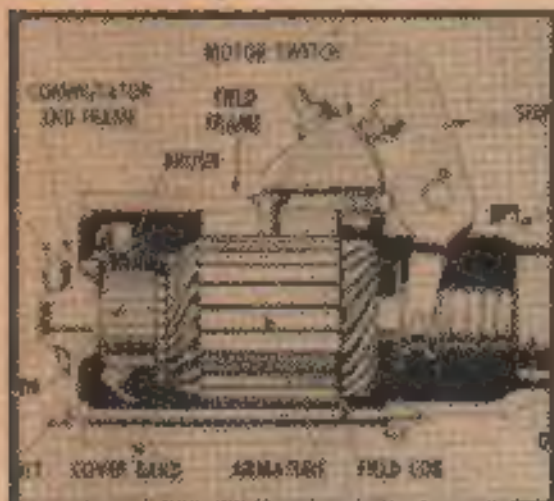


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NOW you can tackle any repair job, and do it quickly, easily, right—the first time! MOTOR'S BRAND-NEW AUTO REPAIR MANUAL shows you how—with crystal-clear pictures and step-by-step directions you can easily follow.

No guesswork. This giant guide tells you where to start; what tools to use. Leads you easily and quickly through the entire operation. Covers everything from a simple carburetor adjustment to a complete overhaul.

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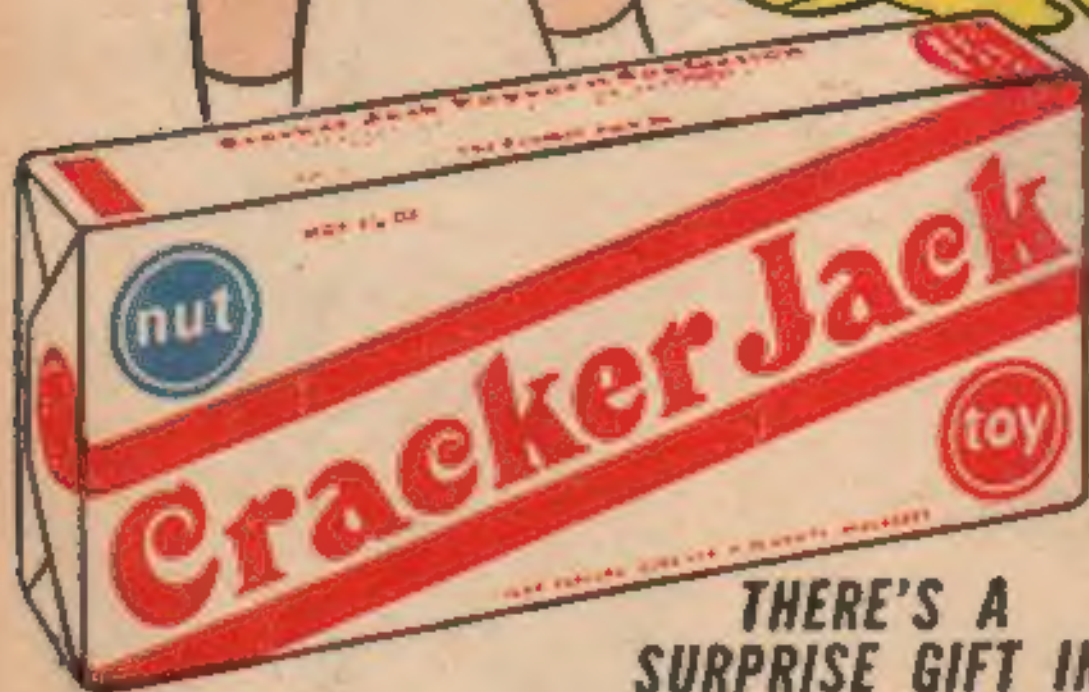
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You get two big thrills when you open a package of Cracker Jack. One thrill comes when you taste this famous candy coated popcorn

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Doll Dress—Box 7156, Indianapolis, Ind.

Enclosed is one Cracker Jack label and 25c in coin. Send me
☐ DOLL DRESS (A); ☐ PINAFORE DRESS (B); ☐ PAJAMA SET (C). My doll is _____ inches tall.

Name _____ (PRINT)

Address _____

City _____ Zone _____ State _____

Cracker Jack

OFFERS YOU GENUINE

Judy Jane

DOLL DRESSES

89¢ VALUES
EACH ONLY **25¢** AND
ONE CRACKER JACK LABEL

TAKE YOUR PICK—PINAFORE—PAJAMAS—
DRESS—TO FIT YOUR DOLL—ORDER AT ONCE

Judy Jane dresses are quality doll dresses made of beautiful cotton materials. Each is neatly designed and comes with buttons, snaps, drawstrings and belts, ready to put on your doll. The regular retail price is 89 cents each. You can get any one dress for only 25 cents and one Cracker Jack box label. Get a box of Cracker Jack today. Send the outside label and only 25 cents with filled out coupon below. State style you want—A, B, or C—and how tall your doll is. These dresses are for dolls up to 17 inches tall.

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Everyone is wearing military metal bracelets. Cracker Jack offers you this shining, nickel metal bracelet with your choice of official military insignia: Marines—U. S. Army—Navy—or Air Corps. Choose yours, then send coupon below with 20c in coin.



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Enclosed is Cracker Jack label and 20 cents in coin. Send me U. S. Military Bracelet with following insignia: ☐ Army; ☐ Navy; ☐ Marine Corps; ☐ Air Corps.

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